

THE ILLUSTRATED

# SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

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No. 24.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

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MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

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EVERY EVENING, at 8, LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, and 78th nights. Opera Comique, three acts. Music by Offenbach, adapted to the English stage by Henry J. Byron. First Appearance in England of Miss Lettie Montal, the Australian Prima Donna, supported by Lennox Gray, Amy Sheridan, and Mlle. Rose Bell; Messrs. F. Bury, W. Worboys, J. H. Jarvis, T. H. Paul, and Paulton, &c., &c., &c. Preceded, at 7, with MY WIFE OUT, a Farce. Conclude, at 10.30, with FLICK AND FLOCK, Grand Ballet Pantomime, Mlle. Pitteri (premiere danseuse), Mlle. Sara and Troupe. Chef d'Orchestra, M. Jacobi. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s. Doors open at 6.45, commence at 7.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for week ending AUGUST 15th, 1874.**

MONDAY, 10th.—American Base Ball Players on Cricket-ground. Band of the St. George's Rifles.

TUESDAY, 11th.—Opera. American Base Ball Players on Cricket-ground. Band of the St. George's Rifles.

WEDNESDAY, 12th.—Ordinary Attractions.

THURSDAY, 13th.—Opera. Garden Fête and Fireworks.

FRIDAY, 14th.—Ordinary Attractions.

SATURDAY, 15th.—Concert and Part-Songs by the Competitive Choir of the Tonic Sol-fa Association. The Mountaineers of the Apennines on the Ocarine, and Romah.—Daily, Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half-a-crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—The AMERICAN BASE-BALL PLAYERS** will play MATCHES at their National Game (the most popular out-door sport of the United States) on MONDAY and TUESDAY, August 10th and 11th, on the Cricket-ground, commencing at Four o'Clock each day.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—The GREAT POPULAR FETE** of the ORDER OF FORESTERS will take place on TUESDAY, Aug. 18th, when a special programme of amusements will be provided.—One Shilling Day.

**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—Important Experimental Lecture, FIRE AND SMOKE**, by Professor GARDNER, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3 and 7.30.—COMETS, by Mr. J. L. KING, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 3 and 7.45.—RUN DOWN THE THAMES, with STEENDALE BENNETT'S Music of the "MAY QUEEN," Mr. J. L. KING, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 2 and 8.30.—THE BABES IN THE WOOD (with a beautiful Scenic Scene), by Mr. SEYMOUR SMITH, daily, at 4.15 and 9.15. Note.—On Monday Evening, August 10th, a New Musical ECCENTRICITY, written by Dr. CROFT, entitled ZITELLA! an Old Friend in a New Dress; or, the Sisters! the Supper!! and the Shoe!!! Stalls may now be taken. Open 12 and 7. Admission 1s.

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All Engagements of George Leybourne, Henri Clark, Fred Albert, E. A. Hart, Pearson, Searle, Elspa and Sillo, Rogers and Leslie, Hillier, Clarence Holt, Coyne, Harriman and Elston; Wingett, Edith Murray, The Randalls, Kate Bella, Sisters Lindon, Sisters Allwood, Fox and Laura Sedgwick, Dingwall and Zarko, The Quakers, The Richardsons, The Berkeleys, Sivori Poole, Lient. F. Charles, Tom Lucette, Prof. Beaumont, Stella De Vere, Seward Brothers, Mathew Family, Bryant's Marionettes, Edgar Wilson, Lucille Troupe, Estelle Troupe, Bessie Bonhill, Little Tod, the German Wonder, the O'Grady's, Louie Rosalie, and Mlle. Esther Austin, Sidney Stevens, Elise Vibart, Rose Vincent, Dickson Troupe, "The Comets," Edith Clare, Little Lizzie Coote, Grace Lucille, "Les Amourettes," Holmes and Grant, Soprini, Charles Laurie, Dick Geldard, Will Parker, Harry Dales, Maude Beverley, Lizzie Barrett, Algar Ballet Troupe, The Lentons, Storelli, Albert West, and fifty other favourites, Are made by this Agency,

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## RAILWAYS.

LONDON & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.  
SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

On SATURDAY, August 15th, a CHEAP EXCURSION will leave Euston at 8.40 a.m., Camden 8.45, Clapham Junction 8.13, Victoria (London, Brighton, and South Coast side), 8.27; also Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington, and Uxbridge Road, Broad Street (City) 8.10, Dalston 8.15, Highbury and Islington 8.19, Mansion House 8.13, Blackfriars 8.15, Charing Cross 8.19, Westminster Bridge 8.21, and Willesden Junction 9.15, for

## LANCASTER,

Blackpool, Preston, Blackburn, Wigan, Bolton, Birkenhead, Runcorn, Chester,

## NORTH WALES,

Northwich, Crewe, Nantwich, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Craven Arms, Llanidloes, Montgomery, Newton, Aberystwyth, Machynlleth, Oswestry, Welshpool, Minsterley, Shrewsbury, Wellington, Newport, and Stafford.

From Euston Station at 12.15 noon, Camden 12.20, Clapham Junction 11.28 a.m., Victoria 11.20 a.m., Battersea 11.33 a.m., Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington and Uxbridge Road, Broad Street 11.40 a.m., Dalston 11.45, Highbury and Islington 11.49, Mansion House 11.43, Blackfriars 11.45, Charing Cross 11.49, Westminster Bridge 11.51, and Willesden Junction 12.30 p.m., for

## LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM,

Wolverhampton, Leicester, Warrington, Stoke, Burmaston, Macclesfield, Leamington, Kenilworth, Coventry, Trent Valley, Stour Valley and South Staffordshire Stations, Buxton, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Stockport, and the Yorkshire District. Returning on Monday, August 17th, or Thursday, August 20th.

For Fares and full particulars see Bills, to be obtained at any of the Stations, the various Parcels Receiving Offices, and at GAZE'S Tourist Office, 142, Strand.

G. FINDLAY, Chief Traffic Manager.

Euston Station, August, 1874.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.  
On SATURDAY, the 15th August, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS FROM LONDON will leave—

A.	B.	C.
Victoria (L. C. and D.) at 8.52 a.m.	9.18 a.m.	11.38 a.m.
Moorgate Street.....	9.32 a.m.	10.16 a.m.
Aldersgate Street ....	9.34 a.m.	10.18 a.m.
Farringdon Street .....	9.36 a.m.	10.20 a.m.
King's Cross (G.N.R.) at 10.5 a.m.	10.40 a.m.	1.0 p.m.

A.—For NEWARK, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Ossett, Batley, Morley, Castleford, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, York, &c.

B.—For SHEFFIELD, Rotherham, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Macclesfield, Stockport, Oldham, Ashton, Stalybridge, Manchester, Warrington, Liverpool, pool, &c.

C.—For HUNTINGDON, Peterboro', Stamford, Bourn, Billingboro', Grantham, Nottingham, Spalding, Holbeach, Long Sutton, Boston, Sleaford, Horncastle, Lincoln, Spilsby, Skegness, Alford, Louth, Great Grimsby, Hull (via Retford and via Doncaster), Gainsboro' (via Lincoln), &c. Returning on Monday 17th or Thursday 20th August.

Tickets, bills, and all particulars may be obtained at the several Railway Stations; the Bull and Mouth, Angel Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand; 32, Regent Circus; and 264, Holborn.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, Aug. 1874.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.  
WINDSOR RACES, AUGUST 13th and 14th.

Ordinary Trains run from London to Windsor as follows, and return at frequent intervals daily:

Leave Paddington at 6.50, 7.30, 7.45, 8.15, 9.10, 10.30, 11.0 a.m., and 12.0 p.m.

Leave Victoria (L. C. and D.) at 6.0, 8.11, 10.3, 11.25, a.m., and 1.30 p.m., calling at all Stations on the West London Line.

Passengers are also booked through daily by any train on the Metropolitan or District Railways arriving at Bishops Road or Praed Street or Westbourne Park respectively in time for the trains on the main line.

On each day of the Races, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS (1st and 2nd Class only) will leave Paddington at 12.5 and 12.25 p.m., returning after the Races.

Fares from Paddington to Windsor, single journey, 1st Class, 3s. 9d.; 2nd Class, 2s. 10d.; 3rd Class, 1s. 9d. Return tickets, 1st Class, 5s. 6d.; 2nd Class, 4s. 3d.; 3rd Class (issued by certain trains only), 2s. 6d.

N.B.—The Course is close to the Great Western Station.

For further particulars see handbills. Paddington Terminus.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

## LEWES RACES, AUGUST 7TH AND 8TH.—A SPECIAL TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, will leave VICTORIA 9.45 a.m., CLAPHAM JUNCTION 9.50 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 10.0 a.m., Croydon (East) 10.20 a.m., Redhill Junction 10.40 a.m., Returning from LEWES 7.30 p.m. on the 7th, and 5.30 p.m. on Saturday, August 8th.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1st and 2nd Class only, will leave VICTORIA 10.40 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 10.50 a.m., Croydon (East) 11.10 a.m. Returning from LEWES 7.0 p.m. on the 7th, and 5.30 p.m. and 8.0 p.m. on Saturday, August 8th.

On SATURDAY, AUGUST 8th, a SPECIAL TRAIN, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, will leave LEWES direct for Croydon, London Bridge, and Victoria at 5.30 p.m. (By order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and LONDON BRIDGE at 11.20 a.m., calling at Croydon (East).

FARE—FIRST CLASS, HALF-A-GUINEA, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, including the Special Fast Train leaving Brighton at 9.30 p.m. (By order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

YACHTING SEASON.—ISLE OF WIGHT.—Through Service from Victoria and London Bridge.

VICTORIA .....	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
dep. ....	6 40	7 45	9 50	11 35	1 0	3 58
LONDON B. .... dep.	6 50	7 50	10 0	11 40	1 40	4 0

Cowes..... arr. 11 5 1 25 3 25 3 25 5 35 5 35 7 45 8 45

Rye ..... " 10 12 45 1 45 2 55 4 45 4 45 6 55 7 15 8 5

Sandown ..... " 11 16 1 24 2 30 3 46 5 39 5 39 7 24 8 4 8 44

Shanklin ..... " 11 23 1 30 2 36 3 52 5 46 5 46 7 30 8 10 8 50

Ventnor ..... " 11 37 1 42 2 48 4 4 6 0 6 0 7 42 8 22 9 2

c—Cheap Fast Trains run on Saturdays only.

Coaches have commenced running for the Season from Ventnor to Blackgang Chine, and through the Undercliff to Freshwater.

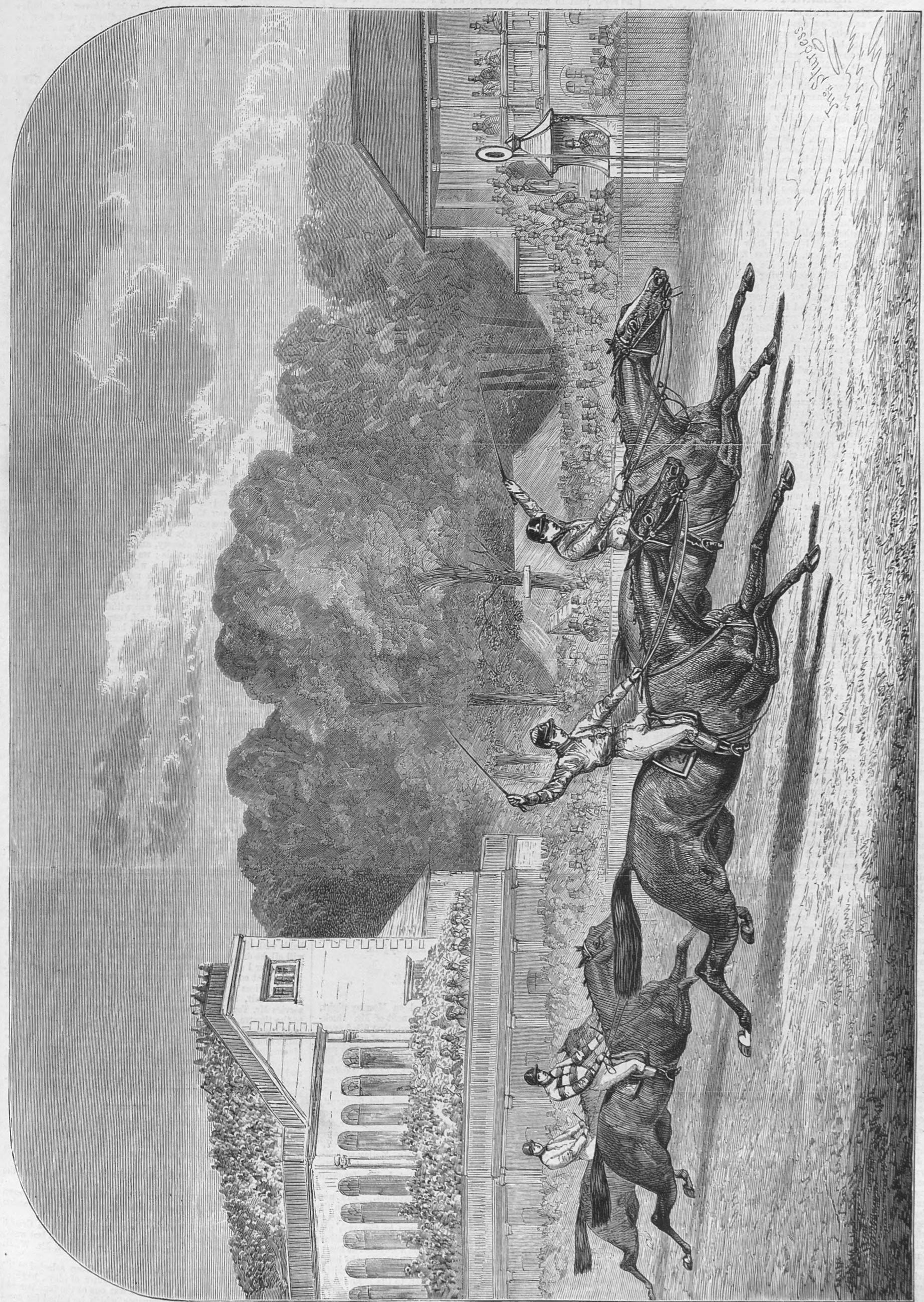
Tickets and every information at the West-End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

London Bridge Terminus, August, 1874.

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THE FINISH FOR THE GOODWOOD CUP,

## ADELINA PATTI.

WE this week give a portrait of Madame La Marquise de Caux, whose popularity as a *prima donna* is unrivalled, and yet by no means exceeds her merits. She may be said to have been cradled in song; her parents being both operatic artists, and her birth taking place during the engagement of her mother as *prima donna* of the Italian Opera at Madrid. This event took place in the year 1845 (the year in which Christine Nilsson was born), and from her earliest infancy the little Adelina exhibited a wonderful precocity in music. In America, whither her parents journeyed to fulfil professional engagements, she sang in public at an early age, as a musical prodigy, and rapidly became a popular favourite. Her musical studies were carried on under the direction of her brother-in-law, M. Strakosch, a clever musician, and she derived considerable advantage from listening to her mother singing. Her voice was always flexible, and possessed that penetrating quality which enables some vocalists to make themselves heard in the largest arenas, although their voices are not comparatively "large," nor apparently powerful. This quality is mainly attributable to, or at least is only found in connection with, purity of intonation, which has always been one of the distinguishing merits of Adelina Patti. While but a mere child, her voice exhibited the sympathetic quality for which it is conspicuous, and her singing of a simple ballad would draw forth tears from her auditors. An English friend, who was travelling in America nineteen years back, has told us of his first interview with the future *prima donna*. She was playing with a doll, in company with a little girl of her own age, and was sitting in the artist's anteroom during the progress of a concert at which she had to sing. Our friend was fascinated by her charming and unaffected *naïveté*, and told her he should certainly go round to the front as soon as her time arrived to sing. "Oh that's kind!" said the child; adding, "If you like, I'll make the people cry. Would you like to see me make the people cry? Well, when I'm encored (they are sure to encore me!), see if I don't make them cry!" As she had predicted, her first song, which was a brilliant "air and variations," was encored. On her return to the platform, she gave a glance at her new acquaintance, and sang an old English ballad with such intensely pathetic expression, that he, as well as "the people," found it impossible to refrain from tears. On his return to the anteroom, he found the little singer, who so lately before had appeared to be overpowered with emotion, already repossessed of her doll, and romping with her playmate; ceasing her play, for a moment only, to give him a merrily triumphant glance, as she said, "Well, the people *did* cry, didn't they? I told you so! And you cried too! I saw you! Ha! ha!" The child was fully conscious of her own power, but was entirely free from affectation; and it must be admitted that throughout her subsequent career, her freedom from conceit and arrogance has been remarkable, considering the adulations which she has received. Her popularity and success in America continued to increase, but her name remained unknown in England; and indeed little importance would have been attached, thirteen years ago, to any kind of artistic reputation obtained in America. The only music imported from the other side of the Atlantic had been the hideous trash known as "nigger" music; and although Grisi, Mario, Jenny Lind and other eminent artistes, including our own Louisa Pyne, had made successful tours in the United States, they were looked upon, by Europeans, as a kind of musical missionaries, visiting a benighted people. Since then, America has sent us an artiste of the highest class, in the person of Clara Louise Kellogg. Parepa, Rose Hersee, Alberto Laurence, and Santley have been welcomed by enthusiastic audiences throughout the States;—music is the most popular form of entertainment;—choral societies abound; a high standard of taste has been formed, and the verdict of American musicians is received with respect. But, as we have already pointed out, an artiste who arrived here thirteen years back, with only an American reputation, was little the better for it, and Adelina Patti, when she arrived here in the spring of 1861, found it difficult even to obtain a hearing. A commentary on the fallibility of managerial judgment is furnished by the historical fact that a well-known London operatic manager of that day declined to engage her on *any* terms, alleging that she was "too little" for the operatic stage, and her voice "too small." Mr. Gye, however, was persuaded by M. Strakosch to give the youthful artiste a chance, and, without any kind of "puff preliminary," she made her first appearance in England on the 14th May, 1861, at the Royal Italian Opera, as 'Amina,' in *La Sonnambula*. None who were present will forget that memorable occasion. When the little *débutante* tripped on to the stage; the slightness of her girlish figure, and her evident youthfulness, while they aroused a certain amount of sympathy, at the same time appeared to discourage favourable anticipations; but the opening recitative "Care compagne!" had hardly been concluded ere a burst of cheering evinced the delight and astonishment of the audience. In the succeeding slow movement, the beautiful quality of her voice,—her command of pathetic expression,—her faultless intonation,—and the indescribably thrilling quality of her lower notes, held the entire audience breathless and spell-bound; and when she finished the cabaletta, "Sovra il sen," in which she proved herself able to execute with facility the most difficult feats of vocalisation—a scene of extraordinary excitement followed. Stalls, boxes, and galleries were wild with delight; and fashionable decorum gave place to enthusiasm. Her success went on increasing as the opera proceeded. It was soon perceived that she was not only a musical genius, but a most graceful, natural, and fascinating actress. If in the first act she excited hilarity by her archness and coquetry, she knew how to "make the people cry," by her thrilling pathos in the beautiful air, "Ah! non credea mirarti," in which the unhappy 'Amina,' while sleeping, addresses the faded flowers which had been given her by faithless 'Elvino.' The brilliant "Ah non giunge," which concludes the opera, was her crowning triumph. Difficult chromatic scales, roulades, *fiorituri* extending to F in alt, were dashed off with an ease which showed complete mastery over every possible form of vocalisation; and Adelina Patti leaped at one bound, from comparative insignificance, to the highest pinnacle of popularity.

Her subsequent career has been a series of triumphs. The Parisians, who are happy in the comforting belief, that France is "à la tête de la civilisation," and that Paris is the quintessence of France, gave a cool reception to the little *prima donna*, when she made her *début* in Paris: being as usual unwilling to admit that any artistic success could be worth consideration, unless sanctioned by Parisian approval. Her genius overcame all obstacles; the verdict of London was endorsed by Paris, and subsequently concurred in at St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, and other centres of intellectual cultivation. Emperors and kings did homage to her genius, and she became the idol of civilised Europe. Study and practice have perfected her wonderful natural gifts, and she is now not only the greatest operatic artist living, but unquestionably surpasses every predecessor, from the days of Pasta, Malibran and Grisi, to the present moment.

To those aspirants who contemplate the brilliant career of this great artiste with a certain kind of hopelessness, or with a belief that she has been favoured by "good luck," it may be well to point out that she has gained and kept her position by the exercise of the most persevering industry, and that her success

is attributable, not to "good luck," but to hard work. There is no royal road to success, even for an Adelina Patti; and she probably in any one year does an amount of severe study beyond what is accomplished in two years by average students. We are fortunately able to give her *répertoire*, which contains no less than thirty three operas, most of which she has sung in England; and when it is borne in mind how much she is occupied in singing, rehearsing, and travelling, it is wonderful that she should have been able to commit to memory the millions of notes which are contained in this *répertoire*. The list includes *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Don Pasquale*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Donizetti*; *I Puritani*, *I Capuletti*, *La Sonnambula*, *Bellini*; *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Les Huguenots*, *Dinorah*, *Meyerbeer*; *Don Giovanni*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Mozart*; *Il Barbier di Siviglia*, *Otello*, *Semiramide* (at Homberg), *La Gazza Ladra*, *Rossini*; *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Ernani*, *Luisa Miller*, *Verdi*; *Martha*, *Flotow*; *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *Auber*; *Faust e Margherita*, *Romeo e Giulietta*, *Giovanna d'Arc*, *Mircille*, *Gounod*; *Crispino e la Comare*, *Ricci*; *Il Guarany*, *Gomez*; *Esmeralda*, *Campana*; *Gelmina*, *Poniatowski*.

It must be remembered, that Adelina Patti is always letter and note perfect; and that she is obliged to study the notes which have to be sung by other artists in conjunction with herself, to remember the "cues" given by them, and also by instruments in the orchestra; to commit to memory the details of stage business; and withal, to study how to give vocal and dramatic effect to every rôle. Bearing these and other similar considerations in mind, some estimate may be formed of the energetic industry implied in the mastery of so large a *répertoire* as that given above.

The marriage of Mdlle. Patti to the Marquis de Caux, was the talk of Europe. Her husband's family is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in France, and for a time it was feared that the world would lose the melody of its sweetest siren; but it soon became known that she had stipulated for "two years longer," before bidding farewell to her admirers. Happily for art, the two years are likely to be trebled or quadrupled; and while the "Marquise de Caux" is a welcome guest at every European court, "Adelina Patti" still delights the lovers of music in every European capital. Previous to her marriage, she settled on her father a large income; which, however, he did not long live to enjoy. The marriage was one of affection, and not of convenience, the Marquis having honourably declined to exercise any control over the earnings of his wife. In spite of the ridiculous *canards* which are always on the wing in reference to vocal and dramatic artists, we are enabled to state that a happier union has seldom been made; and we are glad to be able to give an extract from a recent letter of the Marquis de Caux, which will not only supply some interesting information respecting the Diva's programme for the next twelve months, but will also show the affectionate solicitude of her husband:

"We intend leaving London August 1st for Dieppe, where we shall stay the whole of the month. From Dieppe we go to Paris, and September 20th we come back to England for a few concerts in the North—the Liverpool Festival, September 29 and 30; and a concert at Brighton, October 2nd, *en route* for Paris. October 22nd we leave Paris for Moscow, where my wife will sing from October 31st until December 1st. On the 7th December, she will make her *entrée* at St. Petersburg, and will stay there till the end of the season, March 7th. On the 15th she will begin her Vienna season, which will conclude May 3rd; and on the 10th May, 1875, she will, by God's help, make her *entrée* at Covent Garden, very happy to find herself in dear old England. I hope she will bear all this hard work as bravely as she has done for many years; and, for my own part, I do my best to keep her always *dans la ligne du vrai et du beau*. The only prayer I have to address to God is, to keep her in good health. For the rest, she always does according to Cavour's saying, '*Ella fa da se!*'"

It will be quite unnecessary to expatiate on the artistic merits of Adelina Patti, which no one is likely to dispute. To attempt to praise her as she deserves would be to incur the risk of being deemed "hyperbolical" by those who never witnessed her performances, and "too faint in praise" by those who have had that enjoyment. She has no rival near her throne, and is probably the greatest operatic artiste whom the world has seen, or will see.

Apart from her artistic genius, Adelina Patti has endeared herself by the amiability and goodness of her disposition, and an entire freedom from that affectation which might have been excusable in one so flattered and caressed. Her relations with English artistes have always been frank and cordial, and she has always shown a lively interest in English opera. She went twice to see Miss Rose Hersee in English opera at the St. James's Theatre, when that young lady returned from America, and last week was present at Miss Blanche Cole's *début* as 'Dinorah' at the Crystal Palace, and on each occasion she gave liberal applause. The poorer members of the profession have found in her a generous friend at times of need, and she has succeeded in making herself beloved by high and low, rich and poor, to an extent which no other artiste ever attained.

That she may return to us safely next spring, and may long continue to delight us by the exercise of her wonderful gifts, is a wish in which hundreds of thousands will heartily join.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

## MR. BUCKSTONE'S BENEFIT.

THE season at the Haymarket terminated on Monday night, which was as usual devoted to the annual benefit of Mr. Buckstone; and the brilliant and numerous audience that filled every available space in the theatre testified to the universal esteem and popularity enjoyed by the veteran actor and manager. The programme was unusually varied and attractive, comprising Mr. Buckstone's own farces of *John Jones* and *Popping the Question*. Mr. Theyre Smith's *Comediatta* of *The Happy Pair*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, as the mistaken and obstinate lovers, needlessly irritating each other; and the long promised but frequently postponed new comedy, *The Mad-Cap Prince*, by Mr. Robert Buchanan. Mr. Sims Reeves, for the fourth time, on the recurrence of these annual benefits, lent his friendly aid, and sang Blumenthal's "Requital," and a new song, "Jack's farewell," composed and written expressly for him by Mr. Molloy and Mr. Burnard. The latter being encored with acclamation, Mr. Reeves promptly reappeared and substituted his favourite Dibden ballad "Tom Bowling," which the great tenor rendered with unrivalled pathos and expression. The new comedy, *The Mad-cap Prince*, produced for the first time, on the last night of the season, was received with every symptom of a decided success, due in a great measure to the arch and spirited acting of Mrs. Kendal, in the principal character, 'Elinor Vane,' a young lady of a Puritan family, but a Royalist at heart; who, giving shelter to Charles Stuart on his flight after the battle of Worcester, conceals him behind a secret panel, and, disguising herself in his attire, gives herself up prisoner, to the Roundheads, as the king; while the royal fugitive escapes to the seaboard. This is the main feature of the simple plot, which is interwoven with minor most amusing complications, arising from the various devices resorted to by Miss Vane, to sustain her assumed character of the royal prisoner, so as to give the real

prince ample time to escape, before the deceit is inevitably discovered. She has completely hoodwinked everybody; her aunt, Mistress Vane, her cousin and lover, Sir Harry Lisle, a Royalist, and the Roundhead officers; and then, to properly sustain the gallantry of the character she has assumed, she makes love to her aunt, to excite the jealousy of the Roundhead officer, who aspires to the hand of Mistress Vane;—she also works upon the feelings of her maid's lover, a puritan soldier; a very small part, into which Mr. Buckstone manages to infuse some unctuous humour; and she drives her own lover, Sir Harry Lisle almost mad, compelling him in his new capacity as secretary to his supposed Royal Master, to write at her dictation, a love-letter, as from the Royal prisoner, to Elinor Vane—and subsequently, to read that lady's equally warm response. Eventually, intelligence having reached Elinor, that Charles has escaped to France—all further need to continue the masquerading is at an end, and she appears before her astonished victims in her own habiliments, and all differences are adjusted. The whole weight and interest of the piece rests on Mrs. Kendal, who acts with charming vivacity and grace, as 'Elinor,' both as the young puritan lady, and as 'Prince Charles Stuart,' and received frequent and well-deserved applause. The comedy will be eagerly looked for on the return of the Haymarket company from the provinces, especially for the sake of seeing this charming impersonation of the heroine by Mrs. Kendal.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Buckstone delivered the following farewell address for the season, with his usual happily pointed and characteristically humorous manner, and at its conclusion, was greeted with peals of enthusiastic applause and an avalanche of floral tributes:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—As it has been my custom for some years past to say a few words to you at the close of a season, I shall repeat that custom this evening, not only to thank you for your patronage, or refer to past successes, but to take you behind the scenes, and tell you in confidence what we intend to do, and our hopes for the future. On this occasion I must confess that I cannot boast of any great successes during the season just ending, for although I have produced three important pieces, not one of them answered my expectations; still, I do not despair, but look forward with confidence to better fortune next year. With regard to the failure of the plays I have referred to, you may naturally ask why I accepted them, and where was my judgment in so doing. In the first place, it is impossible to know what piece may be successful until it has been fairly placed before the public: many circumstances may lead a manager astray; amongst them may be named the reception given by his company at the reading of a new play—an instance of this occurred very recently here. A new comedy was read, the laughter was loud and continuous—indeed, at times the hilarity was absolutely hysterical. I was promised that the piece would run for two or three years, that a fortune was before me, and all sorts of congratulations poured in upon me and the authors. The play was placed upon the stage with every regard to correct and expensive scenery, and what we term properties. We were as realistic as possible; we had a real pump with real water, real hens in a market-place, where during the scene one of the hens was so realistic as to lay a real egg. Now for the reverse: the piece was a failure, the dialogue that in the green-room caused roars of laughter, fell flat when delivered on the stage, and, after a few nights, the play was withdrawn. The authors, who were as much led astray as myself, bore their disappointment with great good-nature, and I sincerely hope that when they produce another work it may be as successful as that was unfortunate. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I must turn over a new leaf, and tell you my hopes for the future. Mr. Buchanan's comedy, which you have received so cordially this evening, will be again produced next season, to be followed by other novelties. I must also inform you that Mr. Sothern will return from America in October, with some new ideas to be propounded by my Lord Dundreary; these will be followed by important novelties which he is now storing up against the time of his return. You will be glad to hear that his success in America has been far beyond his most sanguine expectations; indeed, he assures me that England cannot reward dramatic artistes so liberally as the public of the United States can do—an assertion which I am afraid will lead to the exodus of many of our best professional ladies and gentlemen; in the meantime, it must be borne in mind that, whatever may be their talents, they are not all Dundrearies. Although the intense heat, occasioned it is said, by the visit of the comet, has melted away the audience at most of the London theatres, yet its influence to-night has been quite neutralised by the presence of that brilliant and most attractive of our vocal stars, Mr. Sims Reeves, who, for the fourth time, has generously volunteered to sing for me; and as I know it is a service that he renders cheerfully, although gratuitously, I hope his coming here to-night will not be the last instance of such disinterested kindness displayed towards myself. As regards Mr. Sims Reeves, it appears that some of the newspapers have stated he is about to retire from public life, but to this report Mr. Reeves has desired me to give a flat contradiction; that he has not the remotest idea of retiring, at least for five or six years or more; that he is too proud of the position he holds with the public to resign it at present; this, I am sure, you will all be delighted to hear. Another act of good feeling it is but proper I should mention, and that is to inform you that the Haymarket company, orchestra, and servants, have to-night given their services gratuitously. And one pleasant reference I ought not to omit, but think it my duty to acknowledge the great service Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy of *The Overland Route* has been to the theatre, in the midst of some disappointments, has been performed this season for 114 nights. On Monday next, ladies and gentlemen, I shall commence my annual tour with the Haymarket company, visiting Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Birmingham, leaving Mdlle. Beatrice and her excellent company to occupy these boards for a few weeks. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, until October, I respectfully bid you farewell."

MR. RIGHTON shortly leaves the Vaudeville.

MR. J. G. SHORE is engaged by Mr. Bateman for his Shakespearian company at the Lyceum.

MR. H. S. MONTAGUE, it is reported, has sailed for a short visit to America.

*Giroflé-Giroflé* will be performed at the Opera Comique for the last time to-night.

ACCORDING to a paragraph in "The World," a well-known Nobleman is shortly to marry a leading actress of the London theatres.

*The School for Scandal* was again represented at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday afternoon, with the same cast as last week, including Mr. Creswick, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Fairfax, Mr. W. H. Stephens, &c.

MR. E. F. S. PIOTT, who it is said has been selected as the successor of Mr. W. B. Donne, the examiner of plays, has long been connected with the press. He was one of the founders and proprietors of *The Leader* newspaper, which he edited for some time, and has been long associated with the *Daily News*, as a leader writer. He was educated at Eton and Balliol college, Oxford, and has been called to the Bar, but never practised.

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"BLACKLOCK."

## FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

## NO. XVIII.—BLACKLOCK.

We almost tremble as we write the name of the mighty coffin-headed brown, over whose merits as a stud horse opposing factions have fought as fiercely as Greeks and Trojans over the body of Hector. Still our gallery could not be considered complete without him, and "excited Yorkshire" would never forgive us the omission of his portrait. Some years ago, the mere mention of his name was sufficient to arouse the ever-smouldering animosity between friends and foes; and reams of paper and gallons of ink have been wasted to no other purpose than to embitter existing differences, without any recompensing balance in the way of a satisfactory settlement of the question at issue. Kaiser has been in everybody's mouth for the last few weeks; and as he is at present the leading representative of the House of Blacklock, we thought it a good opportunity of introducing a portrait of his much beloved and much abused ancestor. Now that the son of Skirmisher has four times gone down before Doncaster; thrice at even weights, and once when in receipt of the very respectable allowance of half a stone, we hope we shall hear less of the stout and staying blood to which some folks stick with more pertinacity than judgment. Sticklers for the Blacklock brood will doubtless now endeavour to force that juvenile phenomenon Galopin down people's throats, and if any books were open on the Derby, he would be inevitably first favourite at about 10 to 1. We have the highest respect for Prince Baththyany, and nothing would please us more than to see him lead back to scale a Derby winner of his own, but we shall be surprised to see him at Galopin's head next May. There will be plenty of time then for Blacklock's apologists to crow, which they cannot do at present, and we shall then be content to eat humble pie, and to admit that we have grievously erred in our estimate of the value of the stock of Blacklock. Blacklock, by Whitelock out of Rosalind by Coriander, first saw

light in 1814. Whitelock and Camillus were the two principal representatives of the famous Hambletonian; the former of whom was bought by Sylvester Reed from Sir Mark Sykes, for use as a country stallion, but there was "nothing in his appearance," we are told, "which warranted his becoming so celebrated through Blacklock." His only performances were good enough, as he won a sixty pound plate at Knutsford, and the Cup after a dead heat with the Cheshire mare, Duchess. Mr. Watt always declared that he had a white feather in him somewhere, which must come out sooner or later, and it was this conviction that made him never take a real fancy to Blacklock. Whitelock has been graphically described as "a naggish horse with a big, coarse head, and plumb forelegs." Mr. Reed had the offer of Blacklock, as a foal, for fifty, but he neither liked his forelegs nor the remembrance of his dam, when he saw her crawling past his window to Mr. Moss's, through the streets of York, after she had been purchased for £3. Blacklock was a great black brown, with a stride which required half a mile to settle itself in, great calf-knees, and low forelegs and quarters, and shoulders as fine as a horse could show. Perhaps to the eye he might be rather light in his fore ribs, though the tape told a different tale, and the hocks of his stock generally stood well away from them, a formation which requires great strength in the loin to support. The "Druid" says, "the High Street of Doncaster was never in such a flutter as when Blacklock walked up it, in 1817, distinguished from the rest of Sykes's string by a complete set of oilskin clothing. Discussion rose high among the Yorkshiresmen as to his merits. Some would have it he was a great ugly beast, and others that he was the finest they ever saw. There was, however, no difference of opinion when he had galloped on the Moor, and certainly never did horse deserve so thoroughly to win. Nothing but Sykes's over anxiety prevented it. His orders to Jackson were, "Rid him as thou likes, lig thee hands down, and let him stride away, and distance them." He ordered his jockey, too, to "look out for me at the distance, and I'll tell thee what to do."

Amid the clatter of eighteen horses, and the many headed multitude all "Blacklocking," it was a wonder that Sykes could make himself heard by Jackson, but he unfortunately did, and "Pull till em, John, pull till em; thou hast it all thee own way," were his words, which unfortunately fell on Bob Johnson's ear as well. Bob was not usually very leery, but he immediately pulled Ebor quite wide, in order that Jackson, who was busy watching Ben Smith on Restless, next the rails, might not see him so readily, and then snapped him on the post. Jackson always owed Sykes a grudge for this. Blacklock's most desperate race was with Magistrate, four miles, over York course, and he barely defeated him by a head. The severity of it finished them both; Magistrate never ran again, and after his defeat the next day, by St. Helena, who had pulled up in the first race, a mile from home, Blacklock was saddled no more. Mr. Watt, who had given forty pounds for him as a two-year-old, broke through his rules, after his great racing career, and kept him for the Stud. The result was not encouraging, as his legs frightened breeders away; but Mr. Kirby took him for one season, at a hundred, and cleared eight hundred per cent. by his bargain. Mr. Watt then had him back for three seasons, and was beginning the fourth with him when he died. He had only been racked up five minutes, when a helper came running breathless after Elrington, and gasped out, "Blacklock's dying." He had fallen on his side, and never stirred again, and his heart was found to be sloughed. Two fillies dated from that morning, a chestnut filly out of sister to Bubastes, and Felix, by him or Langar; but Lady Louise, from whom he had just been led in, had no foal. "The great lawn near the old Hall at Bishop Burton, is the necropolis of Blacklock and others of Squire Watt's, and an oak tree grows from the breast of each. Blacklock's and Muta's, wave close together, and two much larger ones, side by side, testify to the memory of Mandane and Altisidora. Blacklock was taken up at the end of six years, put together by an anatomist, and Mr.



## Cricket Notes.

By B. W.

A CROWD of from three to four thousand persons assembled at Lord's on Monday to witness the first appearance in London of two crack teams of American Base-ball players. The audience ought to have been larger. Monday was a Bank Holiday; the weather was lovely; the Americans had undertaken to try their hands at cricket against eleven members of M.C.C., as well as to play an exhibition Base-Ball match; and, save the opening of the Canterbury Cricket week, there was to southern lovers of the noble game no counter attraction of importance in "the bill for the day." However, it may be some satisfaction to our American cousins, in London and elsewhere, to know that "the ring" and the pavilion included many of the leading supporters and exponents of cricket. It was essentially an intelligent crowd, whose note in favour or against the adoption of Base-Ball by English athletics would have been worth recording. The public have been sufficiently familiarised—by means of photographs, and the illustration which was given in a recent number of this journal—with the *physique* of the two teams, to render any elaborate description of the same unnecessary. It may be said, however, speaking generally, that they are of a less angular type than the American athletes we have been accustomed to; and are altogether a very handsome and wonderfully active lot of men. The eleven who went in against them included several famous veterans (notably Messrs. V. E. Walker, J. Round, and A. Lubbock), and no fewer than five members of the Canadian Twelve. Messrs. V. E. Walker and A. Lubbock obtained 27 and 24 respectively; Mr. Bird contributed 15, and Mr. A. C. Lucas 12. So much for that part of the story. The outside play of the Americans was in the highest degree interesting. The bowling was no great shakes, it is true, and the wicket-keeping rather a farce, but we have never seen fielding-out like theirs for sustained smartness and unerring accuracy. A long course of practice with the smaller and easier-handled ball had evidently taught them how to use the cricket ball with novel dexterity. Now and then we have seen men who could have beaten them at fielding, notably the late F. Bell-and J. Smith, but if the rest of the Americans who affect base-ball are equal in this respect to those exponents of the game at present in this country, they might, by adding a little sound batting to their other accomplishments, become no mean proficients in our national pastime. They are plucky in facing the ball, certain in its recovery, and they return it with a sort of trick of delivery that our players would do well to get hold of. The batting?—well, it was for the most part blind "slogging." The double figure men, Messrs. A. G. Spalding (23), G. Wright (13), and A. J. Leonard (13), showed a lot of hitting, but very little of it was scientific. Judging from the applause which Mr. Spalding's biggest hits elicited from his compatriots, Messrs. J. C. Thornton and R. A. Fitzgerald (or Mr. Bissett) would be more appreciated in America than either Daft or Jupp. There can, nevertheless, be no doubt that the American eighteen are full of cricket. The two Wrights (one of whom, we believe, twice bowled "the champion" in America) would prove real accessories to any English eleven, and if Mr. Spalding would deign to put a polish on his style, and study the art of defence as well as that of hitting, he might at once take rank with some of our foremost English professionals.

Without trespassing upon ground worthily occupied elsewhere, we may perhaps be permitted to pass our verdict on the game of Base-ball. Some few years since an erudit writer on American sport declared aggressively in favour of Base-ball as against Cricket, on the ground that the former was just the game for a free republic, while the latter was only fit for an effete aristocracy. At the time we thought there might be something in it, but we think so no longer. Base-ball is a wild game, one that is not only destined to supersede Cricket, but a pastime that is, in our opinion, inferior to the fine old English game of Rounders, upon which it has evidently been based. The innings are brief enough to satisfy the most rabid hater of "a stand" at Cricket. The pitcher may be scientific. Any amount of activity and dexterity in fielding and returning the ball are requisite on the part of the rest of the members of the Nine. "Sprinting" as understood at Lillie Bridge or—saving its presence—Hackney Wick is an accomplishment to a Base-ball player, but the game altogether lacks "devil." There is no fight in it, apparently but small scope for scheming and diplomacy. We can quite see that a game may be run close, and therefore assume an exciting phase, but struggles for the winning run, or the last wicket, such as we have seen and become enthusiastic over at cricket, are apparently not included in the contingencies of a battle at Base-ball. However, let us withhold our final judgment. An experience at Prince's and the Oval may alter our opinion. At any rate, we are satisfied on one point, that everybody who takes the least interest in athletics, should make a point of seeing the "Bostons" and "Athletics." If we decline to go in for Base-ball, "bald-headed"—as Hosea Biglow puts it—we ought, in common fairness to the most skilful group of—shall we say, "foreign"—athletes ever seen in this country, to behold what they have to exhibit, and give them hearty credit therefor. There is yet another reason for cordially intensifying the remainder of their "welcome to England." Their reception in Liverpool was of the coldest. The management at Lord's was never known to err on the side of effusiveness, and however remarkable the banquet, which, we hear it furtively whispered, was given to the Eighteen, it is simply true that neither the public nor the English press had any share therein. Our American friends ought to know that, outside M.C.C.'s "head-quarters," there are thousands of admirers of manly British and American games, who are anxious to give them at least as hearty a welcome as was spontaneously bestowed by their compatriots upon our "American Twelve."

Neither Emmett nor Hill was able to put in an appearance for "All England" at Canterbury, consequently the match with Kent and Gloucestershire was shorn of much of the interest it had, on paper. Not that we think the Eleven unworthy of the embracing title of "England." It is very seldom such a thoroughly representative team takes the field, and we must therefore be thankful—for mercy that we can scarcely be termed small. Morley is a good man, although much inferior to Hill (who, we regret to hear, is suffering from an attack of pleurisy), and so is H. Reynolds. By the way, why this fuss about the title of the match? Would Kent's part in the tussle have been more glorious if the county had called itself "Kent with three men given," instead of joining hands with Gloucestershire and acknowledging the partnership? We imagine "A rose by any other name," &c., and without Gloucestershire—albeit Lord Harris, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Bennet did well for their county—Kent would in all probability have cut rather an indifferent figure. The counties won by 54 runs. The figures were:—Kent and Gloucestershire, 231 and 217; England, 201 and 223—a close match enough, all things considered. Mr. W. G. Grace's contributions to the winning side were 94 and 121; Mr. Thornton's, 9 and 35; Mr. G. F. Grace's, 17 and 10; Mr. Yardley's, 2 and 14; Lord Harris's, 8 and 33; Hon. F. Bennet's, 47; Mr. Renny-Tailyour's, 16 and 3; and Capt. Fellowes', 26 and 11. Reverting for a moment to the question of the title

of the match. Would the natives of Kent have liked it better if Mr. De Chair Baker had announced, "Kent (with Mr. W. G. Grace given) v. England?" Yet another question—Might not any county, with Mr. W. G. Grace given, throw down the gauntlet to England in the confident expectation of success?

The mainstay (or one of them) of England, Lockwood, was unlucky. It was a grievous disappointment to his admirers to see him retire for 2 in the first innings, and 5 in the second. Jupp did better, in fact he was almost himself. The 14 and 48 which he contributed were put together in his usual sturdy style. Mr. Mitchell was cheaply got rid of in his first innings (0), but he made up for it in the second, by amassing a brilliant 50. Greenwood did the best among the professionals, and kept up the credit of Yorkshire. His 53 and 31 stand out amongst the brilliant batting feats of the match. H. Reynolds was the chief scorer in the first innings, with a cricketer's contribution of 57—to which he subsequently added 7; A. Shaw was not out, 24 and 5. Oscrer was content with a modest 14 in the first innings, and had made 20 in splendid form in the second, when he was hurt. The bowlers of the match were Mr. W. G. Grace, Morley, and Lillywhite. The rest of the week's doings, together with certain other matches that call forth notice, must be dealt with next week.

## Yachting.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

WEST COVES, Wednesday night.

THE opening days of the Regatta here have been very fair ones for yachting—that is to say, they have not been bad ones for genuine yachtsmen—but those who only enjoy a sail in fine weather must have had an awful time of it. A nasty drizzling rain, a clouded sky, muddy roads, and dirty pavements, combined, have compelled all the beauties of the place—I daresay much against their will—to cast aside their pretty *toilettes de campagne* in which they are wont to array themselves at this period of the year, and assume the exceedingly ugly but very useful waterproof and ulster; while the men—the amateur yachting men I mean—have been constrained to shut themselves up within the precincts of the club, where, I am told, they might have been seen listlessly turning over the pages of the August magazines and new novels, a pastime which, according to my informant, they were apt to vary with frequent demands for fascinating beverages, and constant enquiries as to whether any one thought it would clear up. It was a very different sight to what one saw at Cowes this time last year, when the gardens of the club-house, which are now so dreary-looking and deserted, were graced with all the flower of that rank and beauty which Hyde Park claims as its own in the very height of the London season. The real yachting world, however, did not seem to care very much for the rainy squalls. The most prominent men in it might have been seen wandering about in the early morning, attired in waterproof from head to foot, and apparently totally indifferent to the elements, inasmuch as they personally were concerned. At about 8 o'clock there was a light breeze from W.S.W., and a very fair chance that the wind might prevail over the wet weather or *rice versd*, but in the meanwhile the fine drizzling rain steadily showered down upon us, soaking everyone who dared venture out in it without a waterproof to the skin, and forcing the ladies to confine themselves to Berlin wool-work and embroidery at home. How angry they must have felt, what a quantity of needles the pretty little things must have broken, and how they must have wished it would get fine, as, from their bay windows, they watched us weigh anchor and sail away. How many lovely pair of longing eyes were cast from time to time towards the charming *toilettes* which were doomed for two days, at least, to remain spread out upon sofas or to be crushed up in already overcrowded wardrobes, while double soled bottines à mi-jambe, with grey or drab waterproofs, of almost every shape and fashion, were quite *à la mode* out of doors, and morning dresses and cross-looking faces, did the honours of the house at home. Let us at least hope that the bad weather with which the regatta has been inaugurated this year will not last over to-day. Judging from the state of the wind and sky at the time I am writing, there seems to be every prospect of its being fine to-morrow; and if my expectations should happen to turn out correct, I am told we shall very likely receive a visit from the Queen and Empress of Austria, accompanied by her daughter, who, I am assured by ladies who were present when she landed, is one of the hand-somest Princesses in Europe.

Shortly before 10 o'clock on Tuesday the rain seemed to clear up, and the wind, which up to this time had been somewhat light, was steadily working itself up into a good breeze. The general conditions of the race, which was for the Cup annually presented by H. M. the Queen, were as follows:—For all yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron; yawls to have half, and cutters two-thirds of their tonnage added. It was a time race, once round the old Queen's Course on the R. Y. S. scale; all yachts sailing in seagoing trim. They were to start from the stations off the R. Y. S. Castle; and, if ordered eastward, were to go round the Nab, pass to the southward of the Brambles (between the Shoal and Cowes), then round a flag-boat moored between the Lymington Spit Buoy and Hurst Castle on the north shore, back to the Castle, winning between the flag-boat and Castle flag-ship, keeping outside all buoys on the shoals (Peel included) except the middle and Sturbridge, leaving the Nab and fly-boat between Lymington Spit Buoy and Hurst Castle on the port hand. If ordered to the westward, the course was to be merely reversed, still leaving the flag-boat between the Lymington Spit Buoy and Hurst Castle, and the Nab on the port hand. The Committee was also to decide by signal which way the yachts were to cast in order to avoid fouling when starting. At least three vessels were to start, or there would be no race.

Six yachts were entered, but one of these having withdrawn, only five came to the starting-point. They were:

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
Kriemhilda	105	Count Bathyan.
Morna	257	W. Houldsworth, Esq.
Shark	201	Duke of Rutland.
Egeria	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.
Arrow	115	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales accepted an invitation from Count Bathyan to sail in the *Kriemhilda*, which every one thought stood a very fair chance of carrying off the prize; but, as it happened, he could not possibly have made a more unlucky choice, for, owing to an accident, the Count's yacht was obliged to put back into Cowes in the middle of the race.

It had been decided that the course should be eastward, and precisely at 10 o'clock the gun sent the competitors away. The *Kriemhilda* took the lead with the *Arrow* following close in her wake, the *Egeria* being third, the *Morna* fourth, and the *Shark* last of all. Off Ryde the *Morna* lost her topsail, and the *Kriemhilda* at almost the same moment was observed taking in her big jib. The wind was now getting pretty strong, and after passing the Norman shoal all the vessels proceeded to reduce their large canvass. In passing the Nab Light the *Egeria* had the lead by a few seconds, followed by the *Kriemhilda*, *Morna*, *Shark*, and *Arrow*. The *Kriemhilda* and the *Morna*, however, fouled in getting round the light-vessel, and

were so disabled by the accident that they had to return to Cowes. The *Egeria*, with all her topsails and rigging taken in and reefs in her mainsail, passed Ryde Pier at 11h. 42min. 20sec., followed by the *Shark*, with her fore-topmast stowed away and a reef in her mainsail, at 11h. 48min. 10sec., the *Arrow*, with her main-sail well reefed and without her topmast, ran by some forty minutes afterwards. On passing the R.Y.S. club-house the time was as follows: *Egeria*, 12h. 28min. 20sec.; *Shark*, 12h. 35min. 10sec.; *Arrow*, 12h. 39min. 7sec. Between here and Lymington Spit, the *Arrow* improved her position considerably, but in returning to Cowes the *Egeria* again got the advantage, and passing the flag-boat off the R.Y.S. Castle at 3h. 8min. 45sec., won the Cup; she was followed by the *Arrow* at 3h. 16min. 35sec., and the *Shark* at 3h. 22min. 40sec. The time allowance was: *Shark* to allow *Arrow* 1min. 12sec., while the latter gave the *Egeria* 6min. 58sec.

At three o'clock in the afternoon it came on to rain very heavily, and the wind was positively howling on shore, but towards evening the weather luckily began to clear up, and we were consequently treated to the customary display of fireworks and illuminations, which, in the early part of the day, had been temporarily countermanded. The yachts lying at anchor in harbour, prominent among which was Her Majesty's *Victoria* and *Albert*, presented a remarkably pretty aspect, with their lines and rigging brilliantly illuminated with different-coloured lights. On shore the scene was very gay and very grand, the fireworks being quite equal to what one sees at the Crystal Palace on the best days. Among the set pieces which attracted most attention were a very large one in honour of the Prince of Wales, with the proverbial feathers occupying the centre of it, and another representing the arms of the R.Y. Squadron.

Wednesday's race was for the Town Cup, value £100, open to all yachts of not less than 30 tons, belonging to the R.Y. Club, the general conditions of the match being as follows:—

Yaws were to have half and cutters two-thirds of their tonnage added. New Queen's Course, and time race, R.Y.S. scale. The yachts were to start from stations off the R.Y.S. Castle. If ordered to eastward, they were to go round the Warner pass, to the southward of the Brambles (between the Shoal and Cowes), then round a flag-boat, moored to the westward of Lepe Buoy, back through Cowes Roads, keeping outside all the buoys on the shoals (Peel included), except the Middle and Sturbridge, leaving the Warner and flag-boat off Lepe on the port hand. If ordered to the westward, the course to be merely reversed, still leaving the flag-boat off Lepe, and the Warner on the port hand. In both cases to go twice round, winning between the flag-boat and castle flagstaff. The committee to decide on the morning of the race which way the yachts were to cast, in order to avoid fouling when starting. Three were to start, or there would be no race.

Thirteen vessels had been entered, but of these, only ten appeared at their stations, the absentees being *Glance*, *Shark*, and *Nova*. Those which started were:—

Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Vigilant	cutter	37	H. Wiles, Esq.
Cythera	cutter	94	D. Richardson, Esq.
Bloodhound	cutter	40	Marquis of Ailsa.
Glance	cutter	36	E. Rushton.
Corinne	schooner	152	N. Wood, Esq.
Arethusa	cutter	59	T. Broadwood, Esq.
Egeria	schooner	152	J. Mulholland, Esq.
Arrow	cutter	115	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
Gwendolin	schooner	182	Major Ewing.
Volante	yawl	59	C. May, Esq.

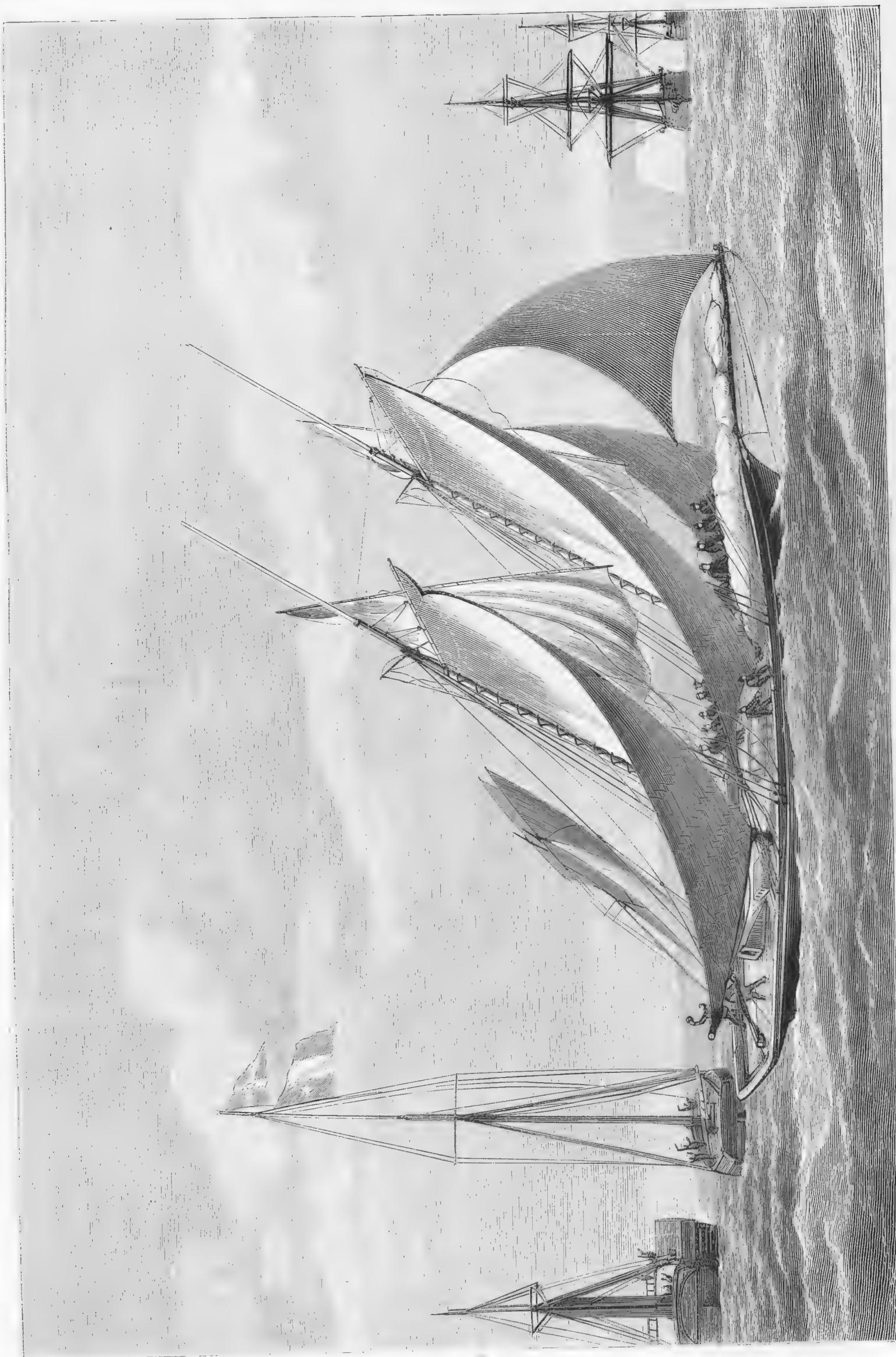
The gun was fired at ten o'clock punctually, and the yachts almost immediately began to get away as fast as the light wind would let them, the *Arethusa* being the first to move off with her topsail, No. 2 jib, and jib-topsail set, followed closely by the *Arrow*, also carrying her No. 2 jib. The *Arrow* soon began to go to leeward, *Bloodhound* and *Volante* being close at her heels; *Corinne*, with an enormous spinnaker set on the bowsprit end instead of a jib, came fifth, and *Egeria*, *Cythera*, *Gwendolin*, and *Kriemhilda*, who had recovered from her mishap of yesterday, followed next. After a while the *Egeria* and *Cythera* began to draw rapidly upon the *Arrow* and *Kriemhilda*, while *Arethusa* followed close on the trail of them all. Although the *Corinne* carried a spinnaker on her bowsprit with a jib-headed foretopsail, jib topsails with big square headers aloft seemed to be the rule. Rounding the Warner the *Gwendolin* was first, followed by *Corinne*, *Arrow*, *Arethusa*, *Egeria*, *Volante*, *Cythera*, *Kriemhilda*, and *Bloodhound*. The *Volante* seemed to be doing exceedingly well, and reminded one of her sailing in years gone by. At last the rain for a time subsided, and the wind freshened a little, a succession of very hard squalls being felt shortly after rounding the *Warner*, but the yachts moved along very slowly, and it was nearly a quarter to one before they reached the mark boat off Lepe. The *Gwendolin* was then first, *Corinne* second, *Arrow* third, *Egeria* fourth, *Cythera* fifth—the others following some distance behind. Shortly after rounding, the *Arrow*'s topmast went over her side in a smart squall, and off Ryde the *Wildfire*, which had been accompanying the race, was perceived with her ensign at half mast. A steamer took her in tow, but as it was evident she was rapidly sinking, the crew got into the boats, and a few minutes afterwards she went down head foremost; fortunately no one was lost. It appears that she came into collision with a barge, and had a hole knocked into her side.

When the yachts had passed to the eastward, through the Cowes Roads, the wind freshened until, towards the close of the race, it reached nearly a half-gale, still blowing from W.S.W. The rain and mist increased in proportion with the wind, and at last almost everything the yachts were doing was hidden from sight. The *Corinne* gradually improved her position on the *Gwendolin*, and at the end of the second round she was first, thus adding another trophy to those she has so recently won. The three leading yachts were timed at the finish as follows: *Corinne*, 3h. 4min., *Gwendolin*, 3h. 4min. 20sec., *Cythera*, 3h. 29min.

The race was all in favour of the schooners, but had there been more work to windward, the *Cythera* would have stood a good chance of winning. Both the *Egeria* and *Cythera* went into Cowes harbour immediately, they came in to repair damages; indeed the race was a chapter of accidents to the majority of the craft engaged in it. It may be summarised as commencing in almost a calm, and finishing in nearly half a gale, with a force of wind dangerous from its unsteady strength, and from the violent bursts which at times dashed from out the creeks and gorges on the Isle of Wight shore.

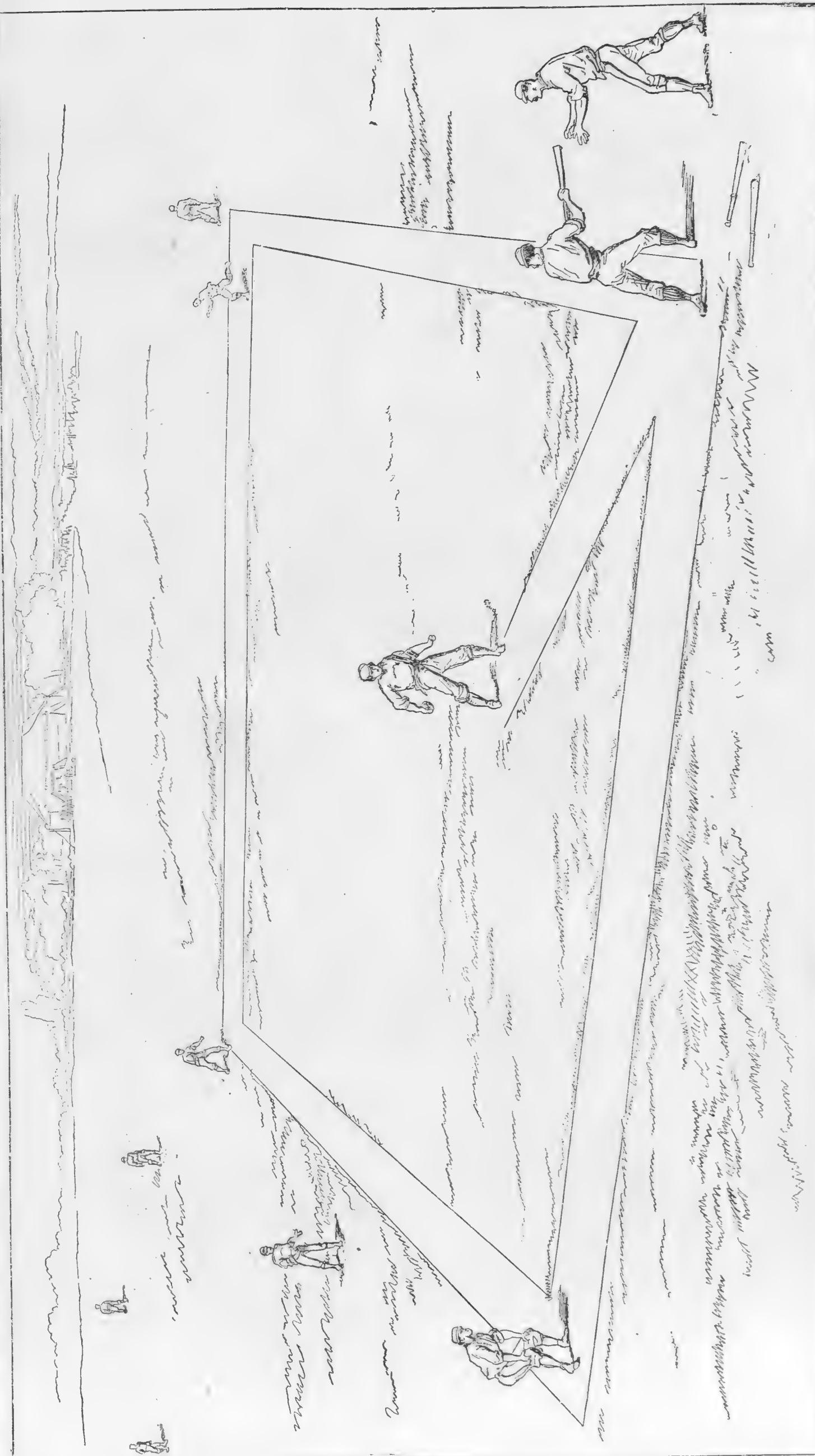
The programme for Thursday comprise the race for the Challenge Cup, given by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for British and American schooners and yawls, and of a kind of consolation prize—a cup, value £100—for all yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron that had never won a prize in the United Kingdom. The yachts were to sail in ordinary sailing trim, with no extra hands or pilot allowed. No balloon sails or spinnakers were to be set, but square sails, square topsails, and mauptopmast staysails could be carried.

For the Challenge Cup race, the American schooner *Enchantress*, 320 tons; the British schooner *Shark*, 201 tons; and the British schooner *Egeria*, 152 tons are entered, but the match has now been postponed until Friday at 2 p.m.; with a stiff breeze, it may possibly be finished some time in the evening. The *Enchantress* gives the *Shark* 23min. 48sec. as time allowance for difference in tonnage, and the *Egeria* 33min. 36sec. The *Shark* will allow the *Egeria* 2min. 48sec.



THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.—THE 'CORINNE' ROUNDING THE MARK BOAT AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

(From a sketch by Mr. T. E. Biddle.)



## THE NAME OF BASE-BALL.

which was much needed, and four years later base-ball had taken firm root throughout the entire country. As in all probability very few of our readers are acquainted even with the rudiments of the game, we will attempt to describe it, in a few words, before alluding to the play of the Boston and Philadelphians, at Jord's Ground, last Monday.

To begin with, we will quote the rules governing the size and shape of the bat and ball, and the form of the bases, for which we are indebted to a very useful manual of the game by Mr. Henry Chadwick, editor of the *New York Clipper*.

The ball must weigh not less than five, or more than five and one-quarter ounces avoirdupois. It must measure not less than nine nor more than nine and one-quarter inches in circumference. It must be composed of Indianhemp and woolen yarn, divided into two classes, amateur and professional—a step

in the ball shall be one ounce, and the rubber used shall be vulcanised and in mould form.

"The bat must be round, and must not exceed two and a half inches in diameter in the thickest part. It must be made wholly of wood, and shall not exceed forty-two inches in length. The bases must be fair in number, and they must be placed and securely fastened upon each corner of a square whose sides are respectively thirty yards. The bases must be so constructed and placed as to be distinctly seen by the umpire. The base bag shall be considered the base, and not the post to which it is or should be, fastened. The line of the home base shall extend three feet on each side of the base, and it shall be drawn parallel to a line extending from first to third base. The foul ball lines shall be unlimited in length, and shall run from the centre of the home base through the centre of the first and the third base to the foul ball posts, which shall be located

home base, and must be directly opposite to the second base; the first base must always be that upon the right-hand, and the third base that upon the left-hand side of the striker, when occupying his position at the home base. And in all matches, a line connecting the home and first base and the home and third base, as also the lines of the striker's and pitcher's positions, shall be marked by the use of chalk, or other suitable material, so as to be distinctly seen by the umpire. The base bag shall be considered the base, and not the post to which it is or should be, fastened. The line of the home base shall extend three feet on each side of the base, and it shall be drawn parallel

to a line extending from first to third base. The foul ball lines shall be unlimited in length, and shall run from the centre of the home base through the centre of the first and the third base to the foul ball posts, which shall be located the

## Base-Ball in England.

At first sight it appears somewhat surprising that Base-Ball, the national game of America, is totally unknown in England; while, on the other hand, several tens of English collectors have crossed the Atlantic, and Mr. Grace's form is as well-known and appreciated by our cousins as by ourselves. There are, however, two or three good reasons for this, the strongest of which is that base-ball is still young, and scarcely dates farther back than the year 1860. Shortly after this time, the great Civil War in America commenced, and the game naturally made no progress till 1861, when a series of important amendments in the rules were made with the best possible intent. In 1865, players

were divided into two classes, amateur and professional—a step

at the boundary of the field, and within the range of home and first base and home and third base. Said lines shall be marked from base to base with chalk, or some other white substance, so as to be plainly seen by the umpire.

There are altogether seven cardinal rules, each with numerous sections; but the five paragraphs we have selected will be sufficient for our purpose. Each side consists of nine men, who go in rotation, and a match is made up of nine innings on each side, though, as an innings concludes as soon as three men are out, each batsman really goes in three times in the course of a match. The batsman stands in the home base, and the position of the pitcher—who corresponds to the “feeder” of one’s boyish games of rounders—is, again to quote Mr. Chadwick, “within space of ground six feet square, the front line of which shall be distant forty-five feet from the centre of the home base; and the centre of the square shall be equi-distant from the first and the third bases. Each corner of the square shall be marked by a flat iron plate six inches square.”

Any kind of underhand “pitching,” no matter how swift, is considered fair; but the batsman can call for balls of a certain height, which the pitcher, under various pains and penalties, is bound to send him. The batsman’s great object is to hit the ball far enough away to enable him to run as many bases as possible before it is returned, and every man who makes the circuit of the bases, and reaches home without being put out, even if he stop at one or two of the bases on the way, scores one run. To our mind, the weakest point of the game lies in this system of scoring. If two of the bases happen to be occupied, and the third batsman make a sufficiently good hit to enable both his conditors to get home, and also to make the entire circuit himself, three runs are scored to the side. If, on the other hand, all three batsmen are in the home base when a precisely similar hit is made, it only scores one. This leaves far too much to chance, an element that should be eliminated as far as possible from all games of skill. Batsmen can be put out in seven different ways, as follows:—

If a fair ball be caught before touching the ground, no matter how held by the fielder catching it, or whether the ball first touches the person of another fielder or not, provided it be not caught by the cap.

If a foul ball be similarly held, or if it be so held after touching the ground but once.

If a fair ball be held by a fielder while touching the first base with any part of his person before the base-runner touches said base, after hitting a fair ball.

If the batsman, after striking three times at the ball and failing to hit it, and, running to first base, fails to touch that base before the ball is legally held there.

If, after the batsman has similarly failed to hit the ball, it be caught either before touching the ground, or after touching the ground but once.

If the batsman wilfully strikes at the ball to hinder the ball from being caught.

If the batsman hit the ball on a called “foul strike,” and it be caught either fair or foul: or if he make three called “foul strikes.”

The style of pitching is restricted by various rules, which we need not go into. The umpire has to decide upon the legality of all balls delivered, indeed that official’s position is no sinecure, and he appears to us to work harder than any one else connected with the game. We believe we have now touched upon all the important rules, and, of course, in the limited space at our command, it would be impossible to enter into the minutiae of base-ball.

Fortunately Monday last was a very bright day, or Lord’s would not have presented a particularly gay appearance. The decorative genius of the authorities appeared to have exhausted itself in one “Welcome to England”—white letters in a blue frame—and two little shields, bearing the famous “stars and stripes.” There was a very fair attendance of spectators, though scarcely as many as we should have expected, considering the novelty of the game, and the fact that the day was a Bank Holiday. The programme included an exhibition of base-ball, and a match between the combined Americans, and Twelve Gentlemen of the M.C.C. As comments on the cricket will appear in the “Notes,” we need not further allude to it, except to remark that the mixed entertainment was a decided mistake. After bowling until luncheon, “a game he did not understand,” McBride, the pitcher of the Athletics, could scarcely be expected to shine in his legitimate vocation, and it was decidedly unfair to ask the Americans to turn out again to field at cricket, after a long game at base-ball. The ten minutes “larking,” in which the Americans indulged before commencing play, impressed the public very favourably. They threw the ball with wonderful strength and precision, fielded very smartly, and never missed a possible catch; still it must be remembered that a base-ball and a cricket ball are two very different things, and, when they began real play, the ball was “fumbled” far more frequently, and the returns were by no means so accurate. Still fielding is undoubtedly their strong point, which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that every error by a fielder is noted on the score-sheet. At cricket, a man may be absolutely useless in the field, and cost his side run upon run, yet, except a slight allusion to a badly-missed catch in the account of the match, he hears no more of it. With a base-ball fielder it is widely different. All his mistakes are brought before him in stern array at the end of the season, in the shape of statistics, and the world of base-ball learns that the hapless William Jones made 60 errors in the course of the year, in the shape of 7 missed fly-balls, 15 wild throws, and 38 muffed balls. This must exercise a most beneficial effect, and something of the same sort might be introduced at cricket with great advantage. The play on Monday admits of little description, and we need only remark that the Boston beat the Athletics very easily, as will be seen by the annexed score:—

BOSTON.		ATHLETIC.	
Put out.	Runs.	Put out.	Runs.
G. Wright .....	3	J. M’Mullins .....	3
R. C. Barnes .....	3	M. M’Geary .....	3
A. G. Spalding .....	1	W. Anson .....	2
C. A. M’Vey .....	1	J. D. McBride .....	3
A. J. Leonard .....	4	W. Fisher .....	3
J. O’Rourke .....	4	J. Battin .....	2
H. Wright .....	4	E. B. Sutton .....	4
G. Hall .....	4	T. Clapp .....	4
H. C. Schafer .....	3	A. Gedney .....	3
Totals ....	27	Totals ....	27
Innings.			
1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Boston....	3	7	4
Athletic....	3	0	0
2nd	4	0	5
3rd	0	1	0
4th	1	1	0
Total....	3	5	5
First base by errors: Boston nine times; Athletic once.			
Runs earned: Boston, 11; Athletic, 6.			

The Boston men have been the champions for the last two years; but they have never previously inflicted so hollow a defeat on the Athletic Nine. The scorer informed us that Lord’s is far too large to show the game to advantage, as it ought to be played on a piece of ground of not more than four or five acres. Under these circumstances we might be more favourably impressed with the game than we were on Monday, but we do not fancy that it is destined to take root in England. Base-ball is unquestionably fine exercise—so is rounders—but neither, to our mind, contains the elements of a national game.

### Chess.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention.

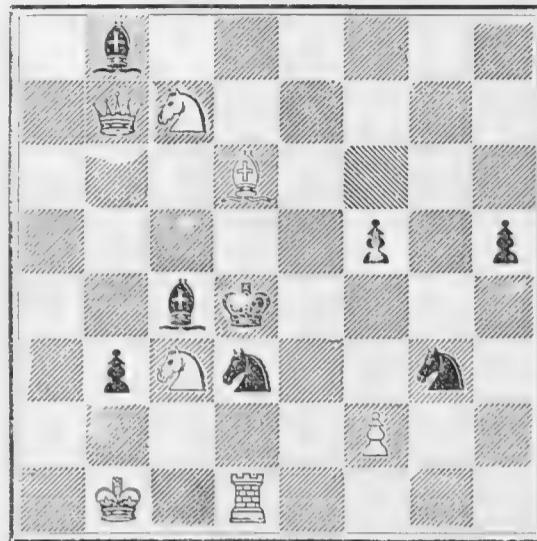
Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

#### PROBLEM No. 17.

THE following problem forms one of the set to which the second prize was awarded in the Problem Tourney of the British Chess Association.

MOTTO : “ULTIMA THULE.”

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The following game, which is chiefly remarkable for its curious termination, was recently played at New York, between Mr. MacKenzie and Mr. Ware of Boston, the former giving the odds of his Queen’s Knight.

#### [SICILIAN DEFENCE.]

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to Q B 4	21. R to Q R 2	21. Kt to K R 3
2. P to K B 4	2. Kt to Q B 3	22. B to K B 2	22. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to Q R 3	23. P takes Kt	23. P takes P (ch)
4. P to Q B 3	4. P to Q 4	24. P to K B 5 (e)	24. P to Kt 6 (ch)
5. P to K 5	5. B to Kt K 5	25. B takes P	25. R takes B
6. B to K 2	6. P to K 3	26. P to B 6	26. B takes B P
7. Castles	7. P to K B 4	27. R to Kt 2(f)	27. R takes R (ch)
8. P to K R 3	8. B takes Kt	28. B takes R	28. B to Kt 4
9. B takes B	9. B to K 2	29. K to R sq	29. B to Kt K 4
10. P to Q 4	10. Kt to K R 3	30. P to Q Kt 6(g)	30. Q to K B 2
11. B to K 3	11. P takes P	31. Q to K R 3	31. B to K 6
12. P takes P	12. Kt to K B 2	32. R to K B sq	32. Q to Kt 3
13. P to K Kt 4	13. P to Kt K 3	33. Q to Kt 5	33. R to K 6
14. P takes P	14. Kt P takes P	34. R takes P	34. K to K 6
15. K to R 2	15. Q to Kt 3 (a)	35. R to Q 6	35. Kt takes B (h)
16. Q to Q 2	16. Castles (Q R)	36. R to Q 4	36. B takes Q P
17. P to Q R 3	17. Kt to Q R 4	37. R to B 6	37. Q to Kt 2
18. P to Q Kt 3	18. K to Kt sq (b)	38. R takes P	38. Kt to K 6
19. K R to Q Kt sq	19. K R to Kt sq	39. R to Q 6	39. Kt takes B (h)
20. Q to Q 3 (c)	20. R to K 2	40. R to Q 7	40. Q takes P
21. P to Q Kt 4	21. Kt to B 5	41. Rtk. Kt P (ch)	41. K takes R
22. B to Kt Kt sq	22. Q R to Kt sq	42. Q to Q 7 (ch)	42. K to B 2
23. P to Q K 5	23. P to Q 4	43. Q to Kt 5 (ch)	43. K to B 2

And draws, as Black is compelled to take the Queen, thereby stale mating his opponent.

#### NOTES.

(a) Black has played the opening extremely well, and has now quite as good a game as the giver of the odds.

(b) Taking the Knight’s Pawn would clearly have cost him a piece.

(c) White’s chance of forcing an opening on this side is extremely remote.

(d) Well conceived. Black plays the whole of the game far above the style of an ordinary Knight-player.

(e) Bad as this is, he has no better resource.

(f) Had he captured the Bishop, the second player would have won at once by Q to Q 3 (ch).

(g) From this point to the end White plays solely for the chance of a stalemate.

(h) This and the next move are evidently played in utter ignorance of White’s object.

A smart little skirmish played some time ago between Mr. Löwenthal and Mr. Wayle.

#### [KING’S GAMBIT DECLINED.]

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	11. B to K B 2	11. Q to K R 1
2. P to K B 4	2. B to Q B 4	12. Kt to Q B 3	12. Kt to Kt 2
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to Q 3	13. P to Q 5	13. B takes B
4. P to Q B 3	4. B to Kt K 5	14. K takes B	14. Kt to Q Kt sq
5. P to Q 3	5. P takes Q P	15. Q to Q 4	15. P to Q R 3
6. P takes P	6. B takes Kt	16. P to K R 4	16. Kt to Q 2
7. Kt P takes B	7. Q to K R 5(ch)	17. Q to Q R 7 (c)	17. Kt to Q Kt sq
8. K to K 2	8. B to Kt 3	18. R to Q B sq	18. P to K B 4
9. B to K 3	9. Kt to Q B 3	19. Kt to Q R 4	19. Kt to Q B 3
10. Q to Q 2	10. Castles	20. P takes Kt	20. P takes P

And White mated in three moves.

#### NOTES.

(a) This line of play gives White a strong Pawn centre at the cost of moving his King.

(b) After this capture Black has a difficult up-hill game to play. Instead of taking the Bishop, he ought, we think, to have repeated the attacked Knight at once.

(c) The terminating moves are very cleverly played by Mr. Löwenthal.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.A.—The final awards have not yet been made.

J.B., MARTIN, and P.M.R.—The solutions are correct.

#### THE AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS.

THE grand Tournament in connection with the third American Chess Congress, held at Chicago, was brought to a conclusion on the 15th of last month. We learn from the New York *Turf, Field, and Farm* that our countryman, Mr. G. A. MacKenzie, is the winner of the first prize; Mr. Hosmer, of Chicago, taking the second; and Mr. Judd, of St. Louis, the third prize. We hope to be able to give some of the games in a future number.

TIVERTON Races and Steeple-chases are announced to take place on Wednesday and Thursday, September 9 and 10.

LONDONDERRY RACES.—These races take place on August 20 and 21, the two principal handicaps closing on Monday next to Mr. J. Hughes, the hon. secy. Mr. R. Johnson, of York, is the handicapper.

THE AUTUMN HANDICAPS.—The entries for the Autumn Handicaps show their continued popularity, and that there is every likelihood of the termination of the racing season at headquarters being as brilliant as ever. For the first October meeting the Great Eastern Counties Handicap has secured an entry of eighty-seven horses; and the Newmarket October Handicap seventy-four. For the Cesarewitch, run on the second October Meeting, there are one hundred and fifty two nominations; and for the Cambridgeshire Stakes run in the Houghton week no fewer than one hundred and ninety-one—a pleasant look out for the Admiral!

### THE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

THE mile swimming race in the still waters of the Serpentine on Monday morning for the Championship of England was won by a Leeds swimmer whose deft and strong side-stroke may well entitle him to rank with the most powerful and scientific of previous champions. It is a stroke as long and sweeping as Mather’s, as skilful and neat as Beckwith’s, as powerful as Johnson’s, and well nigh as crisp and finished, dashing and effective, as Harry Gurr’s inimitably swift “screw-stroke.” The Champion Trophy which led to the contest of Monday was presented for public competition, as were the principal Champion Cups of the past fourteen years, by the London Swimming Club, whose present indefatigable honorary secretary, Mr. J. G. Elliott, has unquestionably proved himself the foremost promoter of swimming in the metropolis. There being a few other swimming competitions the same morning, the Duke of Cambridge kindly allowed the time for bathing in the Serpentine to be extended till past ten o’clock. Several thousand persons consequently assembled to view the racing, Sir Robert Peel and many gallant officers being, among those afloat in boats, while the banks and Kensington Bridge were densely thronged. Of the four noted swimmers who entered for the Champion Race, only Tom Morris, ex-amateur-champion, declined to swim.

The three starters looked models of masculine strength and symmetry as they stood in the skiff under the centre arch of the bridge, “peeled” to their *caleçons*, and anxiously awaiting the signal: Willie Beckwith, the youngest of the trio, as muscular and dapper as his veteran father, whose swimming prowess he bids fair to succeed to; Henry Parker, lith

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SCENE FROM "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

## THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

## THE GRAND DUCHESS.

The taste and relish for opera-bouffe, now so universal among English audiences, may be said to have received their initial impetus when Offenbach's masterpiece was first produced in London, in the original, with the unapproachable Schneider in her great impersonation of the eccentric and amorous 'Grace of Gerolstein.' They were fostered and increased by the subsequent representations of English versions of this lively and melodious opera at Covent Garden, by the Pyne and Harrison company, and at other theatres; Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Julia Matthews, Mrs. Howard Paul, and Miss Emily Soldene, successively sustaining the rôle of the military-loving Royal Highness; numerous other kindred compositions, by Offenbach and others, fed the newly generated flame, which spread still more widely by the production, at the Lyceum, of Hervé's *Chilperic*, and *petit Faust*, and culminated in the unprecedented run of *Génie de Brabant* at the Philharmonic—and the different versions of the equally successful and universally popular *La Fille de Madame Angot*. The prevailing taste of the public for this species of entertainment being now in the ascendant, and a considerable time having elapsed since *The Grand Duchess* was last represented in London, Mr. Charles Morton, who opened the Lyceum on Saturday evening, has judiciously revived this lively and amusing opera, as the first of a series of farewell performances by Miss Emily Soldene and the Philharmonic opera-bouffe company, previous to their departure for America. The numerous audience that filled every part of the theatre on the opening night, fully justified the sound policy of the selection; and the continuous applause and numerous encores, as amply proved that the whimsical action and situations of the plot, and the several lively and melodious solos, and concerted pieces, which originally rendered this opera so popular, and became so familiar, have in no degree diminished in attraction, and are as intensely relished and enjoyed as of old. Great care and pains have been bestowed upon the getting up of the revival; with scarcely an exception all the characters are well sustained, both musically and histrionically; the chorus, although not numerous, are commendably efficient, and the orchestra most excellent. The dresses are all new and very handsome; much additional fun is introduced into the action, by M. Jolly, of M. Humbert's Brussels company, who had lent his aid in superintending the general stage business; and, on the whole, a more complete ensemble of Offenbach's opera has not been hitherto witnessed on the English stage. Miss Emily Soldene as the capricious 'Duchess'—an impersonation exactly suited to her style, which she enters into with seeming zest and enjoyment, and in which she has achieved a success equal to her 'Drogan,' in *Génie de Brabant*—acts with as much dash and *abandon*, and sings with all the spirit and point as ever; calling forth loud applause for spirited and expressive rendering of the well-known *moreau*, especially the descriptive sabre song ("*Le sabre de mon père*"), "I doat on the military" ("Ah, que J'aime les

militaires"), and the beautiful gem of the whole, "Say to him" ("*Dites lui*"), the last of which she gave with infinite expression and delicacy, and the majority of which were enthusiastically encored. Miss Clara Vesey makes a graceful 'Wanda,' acting with great sprightliness, and singing in an unpretentious, yet in a pleasing and agreeable manner. Mr. Beverley represented the stolid favourite, 'Fritz,' with becoming stupidity, and shows improvement in his singing. Mr. J. D. Stoye made his first appearance, after a long absence from London, and resumed his old part of 'Prince Paul,' and although his humour is a little too *prononcé*, his deep voice and musical cultivation were of great advantage in the concerted pieces. Mr. Rosenthal was grotesquely humorous as the pompous 'General Boom,' and the comic satellites of the court, 'Baron Puck,' and 'Baron Grog,' find capital exponents in Mr. E. Marshall and Mr. Norton. The whole performance was eminently satisfactory, and Mr. Morton may congratulate himself on achieving another success, in such a thoroughly excellent revival of *The Grand Duchess*, at the Lyceum.

## THE BRIGHTON WEEK AND A VISIT TO THE AQUARIUM.

Who is there among us who has not left behind him with scarce a regret the sober glories of Goodwood to indulge in the dissipations of the Brighton Race Week? All the world and his wife are here, and Brighton is at its best. Let us therefore take a look round and endeavour to improve the occasion.

Just now, while the sun is shining, it is worth while to take a stroll along the Parade before adjourning to the Pier, and take stock of the company as they pass and repass in front of the "Grand," and to my thinking there are few pleasanter promenades, not even excepting the Row in the Season. Look at this old lady in plum-coloured satin and velvet, fur trimmed cloak, and her cavalier with moustache and whiskers of the hue known only to Unwin and Albert or Truefitt. You may take your oath they are staying at the Lion Mansion, and that when in town the gentleman's nose is not altogether unknown at the Synagogue in Great Portland-street; for who does not know Mr. Elias, the celebrated diamond merchant, the keenest eye for a bit of good water anywhere betwixt Dan and Beersheba?

This lady, in a fashionable costume dress, looped in every direction with oxydised silver ornaments, belted and hung with chains, and breaking out everywhere in an eruption of huge metal buttons, is reckoned rather a beauty, though how much of that straw-coloured coiffure is due to nature and how much to art is a problem which I for one will not pretend to solve. There was a queer story about her and young Fitzgibbon, of the Hussars, a couple of seasons ago; but she is married now, and old Sir John is busy reading the morning paper in the front window of the Union, while his better half is taking a "constitutional," with an escort, whose *empressement* of manner and other *tours d'effet* should make that aged baronet cut short his perusal and retract that

engagement for a rubber with Colonel Jowler this afternoon, if he values his peace of mind.

Here come the three Miss MacAlpines, too, all fine, tall girls, but with a certain dash and swagger, savouring too much of the barrack-yard for my taste. Jessie MacAlpine I remember at Canterbury, when the —th were quartered there, and when Trunnon, of the Artillery, used to get so tremendously chaffed at mess about that fellow in the Light Bobs; but she wears well, does that girl, and with her brigand hat and cock's feather does not look amiss, considering how long she has followed the drum, even to the verge of being looked upon as a garrison hack. The younger girl has not long been emancipated from the school-room, but she is an apt pupil, and with such veteran professors of sisters there is no saying how many seasons she may not weather before she finally marries some regimental doctor, and has a family of girls herself to provide for matrimonially.

But it is not fair that the women should get all the criticism. Captain Rook is here, of course, and as it is rather too early for pool he is smoking a cigar and lounging along in the vicinity of Mutton's, where he will shortly drop in and take a glass of sherry and bitters, preparatory to his afternoon's exertions. Happily, there are few cads, Brown, Jones, and Robinson being mostly at their offices in town; but such as there are of the loudest order. With these creatures, short coats of some bright cheek, low-crowned hats, and horse-shoe pins are *de rigueur*, and if their glances at the fair sex are not over bashful, they are, at least, not wanting in an amount of undisguised admiration, which it is not their fault does not earn its due reward.

In the roadway, the scene is not one whit less animated than on the footpath. Mr. Spatterdash is out riding with his customary half-dozen young ladies, two of whom are lagging somewhat behind, and commenting upon the way Mr. Spatterdash always contrives to get next to that Miss Simpson. While that young person, all unconscious of the jealousy she is exciting, and with what novelists call "a wealth of golden hair" flowing down her back, is rising vigorously in her saddle, partly with the animation excited by the remarks of the gallant riding-master, and partly with the effort necessary to keep her jaded screw at its customary hack canter. They are off to the Dyke, and as the cavalcade dashes by, admiring mammas stand by the railings on the off side, and remark how well Jemima or Julia looks on horseback, and perhaps vow mentally that if Mr. Jones can only be cajoled into incurring the necessary expense, the exercise shall be kept up on their return to Clapham, more especially as the habit and skirt must be worn out, and the maternal eye does not clearly perceive at present how they are to be made available for garments for the younger olive branches, not even for knickerbockers for Harry and Tommy when they come home next quarter from Dr. Swishtail's academy.

Just now, the Aquarium is the favourite resort of Brighton residents, and at all hours of the day is fairly crowded with visitors, from the couple whom one may see spooning on the terrace-walk on the roof under the lee of the cliff, when the

mornings are sufficiently favourable to admit of such a proceeding; to Mr. Snip the haberlasher's young ladies, who systematically display their attractions after eight o'clock, when the shop closes, in the alcoves below. In the afternoons, especially now that the air is a little keen, except for brisk walking exercise, there is quite a pleasant reunion in the entrance-hall, which for the time being is transformed into a sort of club of both sexes. Here you may read the Fashionable Visitors' List, which records the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Buggins, Mr. J. Buggins, jun., Miss M. Buggins, and Master Buggins, at 2, Hove-villas, with the same accuracy and in the same type as that of the Earl and Countess of Bareacres and the Hon. Mr. Deuceace at the Bedford, and at the same time regale one's ears with the dulcet strains of the band, who, however, on the whole, seem to forget their "locus in quo," and favour us with more "brass" than is quite compatible with the character of the auditorium.

A description of the Aquarium without the fish would, however, be like Shakespeare's *Othello* without the Moor of Venice; so let us take a turn round and look into those wondrous caverns where the sea water comes bubbling up absolutely phosphorescent in the semi-obscure, and lighting up the weird occupants in a marvellous manner—making some of them look positively human, as they present their faces at the glass, doubtless as much astonished at the faces outside as some of the spectators are at their own. Look at the codfish, for example, with his large, watery eye, and jaw depressed at the angles, as he swims slowly by, with an air as if the whole thing were a supreme bore, and he almost wished he might be crimped if he didn't wish it was all over. So have I seen some ancient valetudinarian with the selfsame expression, when asked tenderly after his health, and it would not have astonished me (such was the resemblance) to have seen our friend the codfish hold out his fin to me as he passed, and murmur, "No better, I am sorry to say, my dear boy, no better." Then there are the soles and plaice, and the turbots, and everything that hath life in the waters that walketh upon its belly. Here they are sprawling in every direction with the most lackadaisical expression, except when one of the tribe, more lively than the others, comes floating along with a gentle, undulating motion along his exterior rim, and flops down on the top of another of the species, who, with his mouth all askew, and eyes starting from his head, had apparently just been taking stock of the company in the most absurdly inquisitive manner.

In the next tank we have the crayfish and lobsters—crustacea, as an old gentleman near me kindly informs his daughter, as he adjusts his gold eyeglasses and peers into the recess. "Very curious, my dear, very curious; but let us pass on," and he shuts up his glasses and moves away with an expression as if his inspection were not altogether as agreeable as it might be. No wonder, poor man, for this ancient crayfish is moving along on the tips of its toes in a laboured and stilt fashion, not altogether unsuggestive of corns or gout, or other pedal infirmity, and if my friend with the pretty daughter is innocent of colchicum I am no true diognostist. Look at that hoary old lobster under the shade of that artificial rockwork. Would I had him in the pot, with his fine old corrugated shell turning rosy under the influence of the kitchen-fire—and with salad, say you? Ay, marry, and a draught of brown stout. Look how tenderly he carries his claws, as if they were too heavy for him, or as if he feared that any chance shock might cause him to cast those magnificent appendages. From an epicurean point of view he is the king of his tank, and can give any weight to his companions the crayfish and beat them in a canter. I have often wondered, before visiting an aquarium, how lobsters and crayfish, and others of the shelled species, could manage with their long, unwieldy horns without getting in one another's way. If I had horns, and my wife had horns (as Lord Dundreary would say), "of course you know what I mean," we should be perpetually getting into one another's way; but, however, to anyone afflicted with similar speculations, I say go to Brighton and see them, and then confess that you are at last acquainted with the poetry of motion.

The hungry-looking dog-fish, with their shark-like under-jaw, and their lean, cruel flanks, I will pass by. They are not interesting, not half so amusing as the shrimps and prawns, with their little transparent bodies and myriads of legs, illustrating the theory of perpetual motion, and yet next to them they are the most numerous of the entire piscine collection; but I can't go without another look at the octopus, the mere contemplation of which makes us doubt what possible object there could have been in his creation, and what conceivable want such a disgusting-looking creature can possibly supply in the whole scheme of animated nature. Here he sits, inflating that unsightly-looking pouch of his, and spreading out his long, uncanny feelers in a way that makes one's flesh creep to look at, and I feel quite rejoiced for that unhappy shrimp that has just skedaddled away up to the top, not one minute too soon to escape the devouring grasp of his uncomfortable neighbour, who, with his windbag and tentacles, looks not unlike some weird Highlander blowing the bagpipes as he sits huddled up in the corner, looking out for his prey. There is one thing quite clear. We know that there must have been one man bold enough for the first time to eat an oyster, but I question whether any man will ever be found hardy enough to tackle an octopus; if there be, go farther afield—I am not he.

I must confess, however, that I am scarcely so interested in the fish, including the octopus, with his extraordinary looking tentacles, as if they had been stuck all over with hundreds of bunion plasters of all sizes, as I am in the proceedings of the human octopi, especially in the evening, when the band is playing selections from Offenbach, and the dimly-lighted grottoes are swarming with couples whose tentacles are generally round each other's waists, and who seem to be enjoying themselves a good deal more than the poor dazzled occupants of the tanks, whose habits and customs they affect to take so lively an interest in.

Time would fail me to describe the black bream playing at follow my leader; or the mackerel, for ever to be associated with parsley sauce; the extraordinary-looking barnacles, who all appear to be hanging on by elastic speaking tubes; or the sea anemones, which it is a thousand pities won't grow in the open air, their forms are so various and their colours so rich. Then there are those domesticated beasts, the seals; and the rayfish, like some marine vampire, with its long, prehensile-looking tail and its waving arms, which but for its tail I should have nicknamed the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan." I have seen them all, and I have still found time to take stock of the bipeds who crowd round the watery cages, and forget their own eccentricities or deformities in criticising those of the unhappy occupants, which, if they can stand Offenbach and gaslight at this early stage of their career, must be already almost human; and may, for aught we know, attain a stage of development undreamt of even in the wildest Darwinian dream.

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#### FOUR FAMOUS CRICKETERS OF THE SOUTH.

But for "the Graces" (let us repeat the oft-used joke and say the three Graces) Gloucestershire would scarcely be a first-class county; if it were not for Jupp, Surrey would lack a first-class batsman and an all-round cricketer of very superior excellence; while Southerton is simply the most formidable bowler the South can boast of—a professional whose adoption of the county of Surrey has proved of the greatest possible use to the team whose headquarters are at Kennington Oval. It would occupy more space than we have at our disposal to deal even summarily with the achievements with bat and ball of the Grace family. All the world—of cricket—has heard of "Mr. E. M." the hero of the first Australian campaign, who, long before the days of Mr. C. J. Thornton, was a sensation hitter of the first magnitude, and can hit grandly, with a splendid scorn of "the rules," to this day. Just before he retired from active participation in the game, Mr. W. G. Grace came out, and was not long before he justified the confident predictions of his brother. He "scored" from the beginning, and we find him, in 1864 (then 24 years of age), playing for South Wales against the Gentlemen of Sussex, beginning to make those big scores with which his name has since been so closely identified. His contributions in that match were 150 and 56 not out. In 1866 he, playing for England against Surrey, amassed 224 not out. Thereafter both in this country, America, Canada, and Australia, his feats of run-getting have been tremendous, but we leave *Lillywhite's Guide* to tell the somewhat monotonous story. Some time since Mr. Grace took the public into the secret of his success. Readers of the *Cricket Companion* were made aware of the fact that it was chiefly by means of scientific play (not like his elder brother, by reliance on a marvellous eye) he got runs. Mr. Grace is likewise an effective bowler, as the records of recent and other matches testify. When Mr. G. F. Grace appeared in public—"Mr. Fred," as he is familiarly termed—it was said by one writer that he had less of "the genius of cricket" than his brethren. That opinion has not been verified. He is now twenty-four years of age, and his later achievements are quite equal, if not superior, to those with which "the champion" was credited at a similar age. He is on his day a fine bowler and a magnificent field. "Mr. Fred" has also done great things, but we quite expect him to do greater, and shall not be surprised if he leaves off cricket with a reputation as brilliant as that of either of his brothers. Jupp is Surrey's mainstay, as he has been ever since the days when he and Tom Humphrey—"the two boys"—used to elicit ringing cheers from the crowds at the Oval, by the way in which they defied all kinds of bowling. His batting is this year finer than ever, and his fielding is as sure. It is sufficient to say of Southerton that, after being played for his batting, we know not how many years ago, he took to bowling "peculiar twisters," and he remains to this day, as we said at the outset, the best operator of that kind in the South.

#### Sporting Intelligence.

##### RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—Dr. JOHNSON.

LAST week, at the close of the Goodwood Meeting, there were sinister rumours afloat that M. Lefevre had determined on retiring from the Turf, and that he had in consequence disposed of his entire stud to Count F. de Lagrange for £25,000, and paragraphs to that effect appeared in some of the sporting prints on Saturday. Being unable to learn how far these rumours were true, I purposely refrained from alluding to them, and it now turns out that M. Lefevre never had any intention of the kind, but merely consented at the request of the Count to admit the great French breeder of Dangu as a partner in his racing establishment from the 1st of October next. In doing so M. Lefevre acted with consummate judgment, as he had thus secured the co-operation of an extensive racing tactician who will make the establishment at Phantom Cottage pay if it is to be done. Last year M. Lefevre's winnings were boastfully announced to have reached £25,000, but when the expenses came to be summed up, they amounted, if I am correctly informed, to £24,500, leaving a balance of only some £500 to be carried forward to this year's account. Now this fact shows clearly enough that no great racing establishment can—taking one year with another—pay its way unless its winnings are supplemented in the betting ring, and as it is well known that M. Lefevre has no taste for speculations of that nature, it is fortunate for racing and breeding both at home and on the continent that a gentleman of Count F. de Lagrange's great experience should become confederated with him, or this great establishment would very soon have come to an end. The *Times*, after having for years both by direct writing and by intuendo thrown all the cold water it possibly could on racing, has happily seen the error of its ways, and now not only gives on every Monday, after the fashion of the other morning journals, a column or two of vaticinations, but has lately addressed itself in the proper spirit to the subject of betting, as I last week pointed out. And some of its recent remarks are so apropos to the subject I have ventured to broach that I may be excused for here quoting them:—"If an institution is staple in proportion to the amount of capital which it represents, the breeding of horses for the purpose of racing may be regarded as possessing a very high degree of stability. The recent sale of blood stock at Middle Park is enough to convince the most sceptical of the solidity which characterises this species of investment. The prices realised were, as we expected, not in the least affected by the slight panic which, in the early part of last week, the recent betting prosecutions had certainly excited in the sporting world. This extensive investment of capital points to some adequate return of interest, and it is difficult to see how this return is to be secured if any successful attempt should be made to interfere with the possible winnings of a horse by the betting system. Nobody supposes that the stakes will make horse-racing pay, except in extraordinary cases. Betting seems to be an indispensable auxiliary of our national pastime, and it is universally known that if it were put down the value of blood stock would be certainly, immediately, and considerably depreciated." The truth of the whole of these remarks is beyond all question, but I wish particularly to draw attention to the lines I have italicised, so that all may see what ill effects not only to private interests but to the state itself would follow the success of the meddling purists who have banded themselves together to take advantage of an Act of Parliament that was only intended to reform the abuses of betting and not suppress it altogether, as the introducer of the Bill took care to state.

The concluding day of the Goodwood Meeting was even slower than the opening, and there can be no question that the *réunion* altogether will not bear favourable comparison with many of its predecessors. This was no fault of the management, but may rather be attributed to the extraordinary drought of the season, preventing the preparation of many two-year-olds, who would

doubtless otherwise have been sent to fulfil their engagements, and notably among these was the Holy Friar, the "crack" of the North, who was with excellent judgment reserved for his engagements in the autumn. The Duke of Richmond's Plate, a race that in the olden time used to be so spiritedly contested, brought out a field of only four horses, of whom the "talent," notwithstanding his heavy impost, made Spectator the favourite, but the issue proved how the mighty are fallen; for he was never fairly "in it," the Finesse gelding having the best of him all the way, as he had also of the others, for although a well-intended *coup* was meant with old Phosphorus, who was brought to the post in extraordinary bloom, he was only able to secure the 50 sovs. for second, a head in advance of Madge Wildfire, who in Fordham's hands ran much better than she had done in either of her previous essays. There was a field of seventeen for the Chesterfield Cup, the smallest since Soucar won it in 1870, when only sixteen ran. The very bad figure previously cut by several of the horses in the Stewards' Cup and the Chichester Stakes was doubtless the cause of the field not being of its usual dimensions. The race resulted in an astounding turn up, as The Curate's own brother, Dalham, bore the Paganini colours to the fore the instant he was called upon, and disposed of the colt by Blinkhoolie out of Miss Hawthorn very cleverly by a length, the race being reduced to a match between them for the last two hundred yards, Flower of Dorset being next, ten lengths off, having up sides with her Napolitain and Blancheleur. No one dreamt of Dalham winning, except his owner (who had the nice little bet of 2000 to 60), and a few of the "early birds" who had seen him go a few good gallops with Organist early in the week, and which it was that caused the latter to go so out of favour for the Cup. The general public of course overlooked him, which was not surprising, as, although he finished fifth in the Goodwood Stakes, a length or two from Petition, he never looked like winning at any time. The great form shown by Modena caused the "talent" to stick to his stable companion, Napolitain, who showed some of his former fine speed, but could not stay so well as when he bore Lord Wilton's colours to the fore for this race in 1872. Blancheleur, to whose great chance I drew attention on Saturday, started second favourite, and did not disgrace my selection, as she ran well, and opposite the lawn looked like winning; but to give 14lb to Dalham and 10lb to the Blinkhoolie colt was asking her to do too much. The latter has got the unfortunate habit of running second; and it must have been not a little disappointing to Messrs. Johnstone and Jardine to occupy the memorable place of second in two such great races as the Goodwood Stakes and Chesterfield Cup. To complete the discomfiture of backers, they were wrong in the three remaining races; and so heavy was the wagering during the day that one bookmaker of my acquaintance, who had been mourning over the loss of 2000 sovs. on Thursday afternoon, got it all back, and turned a losing into a winning account. In the March Stakes for two and three-year-olds, Mark Over, a youngster claimed out of the French stable at Newmarket, was all the rage; but Mystery, a three-year-old, trained by Wm. Goater, at Findon, beat her very easily. A match, in which Mr. Crawford had the temerity to give Mr. Fox 10lb with Simon, inflicted another heavy blow on backers; and as most of the "talent" preferred Princess Theresa and Bugle March to Shallow, they took nothing by the success of the latter for the Goodwood Corinthian Plate; while they were completely flabbergasted by the defeat sustained by La Courreuse from Aventuriere in the Nassau Stakes. The latter was actually giving the French filly 5lb, and bearing in mind that the latter, in the One Thousand, beat Aventuriere at least six lengths, it looked "real jam," and quite good enough to bet 6 to 4 on; but La Courreuse collapsed in the last three strides, and the meeting terminated anything but pleasantly for the backers of favourites during the afternoon.

At Brighton, on Monday, the visitors had a most pleasant time, as, what with the cricket match between the press and the jockeys (which was won by the former), polo, pigeon shooting, and examining the wonders of the vasty deep to be seen at the Aquarium, they had their hands fully occupied; and so glorious was the weather that those interested in the racing retired to rest in the full hope of having as pleasant a day on the breezy downs on the morrow. In this expectation they were, unfortunately, not gratified, for the wind suddenly veering south-west, a thick mist arose from the sea, which turned to rain and discomfort, as it had on many a previous occasion. The racing was nevertheless scarcely affected thereby, as large fields and close contests were the order of the day, in which, however, the same persistent bad luck followed the backers as on the last day in the Ducal Park. The result of the opening event, the Bristol Plate, showed that Sugarcane still retains some of the good form he showed on several occasions last year, when the property of Mr. Fisher, as he disposed of the French colt Régénérateur and three others so easily that Sir George Chetwynd had to give 400 gs. or a "century" over his entered selling price to ensure his return to his stable. The Champagne Stakes, which has afforded many a sporting race, was on this occasion reduced to a match between Oxonian and Lemnos, and was easily won by the latter, as it was bound to be, seeing that the old horse was giving him as much as 15lb. Opinions were nevertheless so divided as to the respective merits that the odds betted on Lemnos were never more than 5 to 4, and yet he won by twenty lengths! The Rous Stakes, a weight for age race, run on the five-furlong course, were contested by a splendid field of fourteen, which included the four youngsters, Mark Over, from the Bedford Lodge stable, Huntley, from Dovers, Fleurange, from the French stable, and Mr. Chaplin's Morna filly, none of whom were able to secure a place from the colt by Man-at-Arms out of Little Jenima, Berryfield, and old Ptarmigan, who finished in the order named, and were the first three. Berryfield, Mark Over, Huntley, and Pageant were held in equal favour, while against the winner 20 to 1, or even more, might be had, notwithstanding his having shown he could gallop as recently as the late meeting at Stockbridge. At the starting post he was near being kicked, as the hoof of the horse which lashed at him grazed Bird's (his jockey's) leg, notwithstanding which he rode him home a clever winner, and so much was thought of the performance that he realised 560 guineas at auction, being purchased by Mr. Foster. The Brighton Stakes cut into by small dimensions, and as the present regulation of not weighting the horses until after the Goodwood Stakes are run for seems not to work well, it will be better, for the future, to declare the weights earlier, putting sufficient penalties on the first and second at Goodwood to prevent the race being spoiled. On this occasion Scamp followed up his victory in the Ducal Park, and the way in which he won stamps him to be a much better horse than many fancied him to be, as he beat Lady of the Lake very cleverly, giving her 17lb, but as we saw Apology do the same with Blancheleur, I cannot recognise any pretensions he has to win the Great St. Léger, while that filly, George Frederick, and Atlantic keep well, and it must be in the expectation of all these stars going out that any one can seriously think of a horse of his form for the great prize of the North. The Harlequin colt ran a perfect jade, and Feve again showed he was the bad horse he has always showed himself to be. The Clifton Stakes for two-year-olds proved a most sporting race, and every one was glad to see Lord Rosebery's colours in the van, borne by Selborne, a promising son of The Palmer and Queen of the Gipsies. He was opposed by a field of nine good-looking youngsters, including

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JOB HORSES!!!—To Gentlemen requiring Strong Brougham Horses, and Country Jobmasters in search of Seasoned Horses.—Messrs. W. & S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's Lane, London, will now include in each of their usual Wednesdays' Sales, Fifty Seasoned Brougham, Phaeton, and Carriage HORSES, which, in consequence of the gradual termination of the London Season, are drafted from the Stocks of all the Principal Job-masters in London, according to annual custom. These Horses are in actual work up to the day of being sent in for sale, and should be eagerly sought after by Gentlemen, and the country trade especially, their condition rendering them fit for immediate working purposes. They are on view at ALDRIDGE'S on each Tuesday and Morning of Sale until 11 o'clock. All particulars at ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's Lane, W. & S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the great influx of Job Horses for the Wednesdays' Sales, Messrs. W. & S. FREEMAN request that at least a fortnight's notice be given by Gentlemen wishing to secure stalls.

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South Kensington Auction and Estate Agency Offices, 4, Fulham-road, and 1, Thurloe-place, S.W. (near the Museum).

MESSRS. MARTIN & JOHNSON beg to intimate that in consequence of the South Kensington Estate becoming more fully developed, they have found it necessary to open an entrance to their offices from the Cromwell-road.

They take this opportunity of thanking the Nobility, Gentry, and numerous friends for their kind patronage during the last eighteen years, and trust to enjoy a continuance of their confidence.

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Messrs. M. & J. have engaged an experienced staff of Inventory Clerks for the season, their applications for taking and giving over possession of residences being so very numerous.

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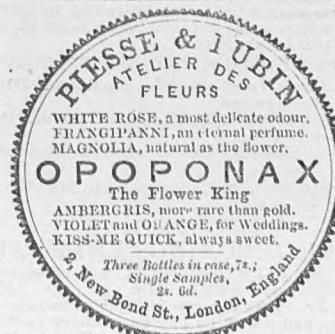
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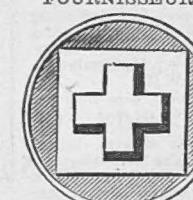
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—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., have been noted for years for giving the highest price that can possibly be given for the above; also Officers' Uniforms, Court Suits, &c. Ladies and gentlemen privately waited on by Mr. or Mrs. L. Davis. Bankers—National Provincial Bank of England. Established 1800. Terms cash.

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—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, W., beg to call special attention to executors and others having ladies' or gentlemen's wardrobes to dispose of, that they have been the recognized principal buyers of the above for the last 74 years. Ladies and gentlemen waited upon in town or country within twenty miles of Charing Cross free of expense. Established 1800. Terms cash.

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—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., are the well-known BUYERS OF LADIES' WARDROBES. Only address, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W. Country orders for appointments punctually attended to. Established 1800. Terms cash.

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GOODS WILL BE RETURNED,

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—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., are now BUYING SILK, Satin, Velvet, Merino, Satin Cloth, Rep, and every other kind of DRESSES, either in good or inferior condition. The highest price guaranteed for every description of ladies' or gentlemen's left-off clothing. Letters punctually attended to. Established 1800. Terms cash.

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—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., are open to BUY OLD BROCADE SILK or SATIN DRESSES, furs, laces, Indian goods, &c., and every description of left off apparel, for which the most liberal prices will be given. All letters punctually attended to. Established 1800. Terms cash.

## WANTED, LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.

—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W., wait on ladies and gentlemen punctually by appointment to PURCHASE every description of ladies', gentlemen's and children's CLOTHING, Table and Bed Linen, Curtains, Carpets, &c., Household Furniture, Pictures, Old China, Harness, Horse Clothing, &c. Established 1800. Terms cash.

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—Mr. and Mrs. LEWIS DAVIS, 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, W., are now prepared to call or send their agents to ladies and gentlemen residing within 20 miles of Charing-cross, for the PURCHASE of LEFT-OFF CLOTHING, Uniforms, Furniture, and every description of property; at the same time they beg to caution them that there are persons travelling the country and using their name. They, therefore, deem it necessary to request them to address all letters, parcels, &c., 2, Crawford-street, Baker-street, London, W. N.B.—Agents calling from Mr. or Mrs. Lewis Davis must produce their letter requesting them to call. Established 1800. Terms cash. Bankers—National Provincial Bank of England.

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CHERTSEY. This charming Hotel, facing the river, and having its own private landing-stage suitable for boats and steam launches of all sizes, has every accommodation for boating, fishing, and pleasure parties. Boats for hire. Capital stabling.—All communications to be addressed to the Manager.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Two Screw Steam Launches, capable of accommodating 25 to 30 persons each, now attached to the Hotel, and can be hired for the day or week (all found) for pic-nic parties, &c., on most reasonable terms.

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**THE** Cures this Liquid is effecting  
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**THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.**

Some of the most wonderful Cures ever witnessed  
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Sold in bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

Mr. Ede.—Sir.—Will you send me another bottle of  
your Eye Liquid. Please send it by return as I cannot  
possibly do without it. It is doing me good—Yours  
respectfully, J. GENDERS, London Road, Chesterton.

Sudden, near Rochdale, Lancashire, Sept. 29, 1873.  
Mr. Ede.—Sir.—Will you please send me another  
bottle of your American Eye Liquid at 2s. 9d. The last  
has done me a great deal of good, and I think another  
will make a perfect cure.—Yours truly, J. YARWOOD.

Gower-road, near Swansea, Sept. 29, 1873.  
Sir.—I am happy to inform you that the bottle of  
Eye Liquid I received from you has quite cured my  
eyes, after years of near-sight. I would recommend it  
to all miners and others with weak eyes.

Yours respectfully, GEORGE HOPKINS.

The following is an extract from the *Official "Lloyd's List"* of June 19, 1874:—"The Human Eye and its Diseases."—Few persons are aware how marvellously beautiful and complex a structure is the organ of vision, nor is it possible for us within the limited space of a mere paragraph to explain the various peculiarities so fully that our readers might obtain only an abstract notion thereof. Volumes have already been devoted to the subject by eminent oculists, and other surgical authorities; poets and philosophers also have eulogised the wondrous and charming influences of this "window of the soul" and "queen of the senses," but our purpose in these brief remarks is not that of an essayist, but rather an allusion to the minor ailments to which the eyes of most people are so frequently subject and exposed, more particularly those resident in tropical or humid latitudes, such as dimness, weakness, watery, sore, or inflamed eyes, forms of disease which, though oftentimes purely local, are exceedingly troublesome and painful to the sufferer, and if neglected for a length of time may possibly become a constitutional disorder. It may be observed, also, that many eye lotions used are absolutely dangerous in the hands of unskilled persons, because of certain strong chemicals or poisonous properties which they contain. One specific, however, for alleviating the afflictions alluded to has recently been brought under our notice, supported by innumerable testimonials of an entirely voluntary character from all parts of the kingdom, attesting unquestionably with reference to many difficult and long standing cases its speedy efficacy of cure. We allude to the *Patent Eye Liquid*, prepared solely by Mr. John Ede, of the Birchfield Road, Birmingham. We have been assured that this preparation has given complete relief to many who had been previously treated unsuccessfully in some of the leading hospitals, and as may readily be imagined, is much sought after in districts where it has become known. It is furthermore quite harmless in use.

**NOTICE.**—In consequence of the Wonderful Cures and Great Sale, the **PATENT EYE LIQUID** now commands unparalleled success. Persons are now trying to palm off a Spurious Article on the Public. Ask for and see that you get **EDE'S PATENT AMERICAN EYE LIQUID** on each Label. Sold in every town in the Kingdom. By post from Mr. John Ede, Birchfield-road, Birmingham.

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Ask Agents for Testimonials, and please send one when cured.

This Liquid and Pills may be obtained from any Chemist or Patent Medicine Vendor in the World.

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